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FHM
LAST EVER ISSUE
1985
2016
bye!
x
STARRING HOLLY WILLOUGHBY


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MAN OF TODAY

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#MANOFTODAY

HELLO GOODBYE!

#314



HOLLY WILLOUGHBY
SHOT FOR *FHM* BY PEROU



PHOTOGRAPHY: MARCO VITTUR. COVER PHOTOGRAPHY: PEROU. DRESS: VIVIENNE WESTWOOD

ED'S LETTER...

It's an unavoidable truth that every good thing has to come to an end and, sadly, it's time for *FHM* to go to the great magazine rack in the sky. But just because this is our last issue, it doesn't mean we're going to get all morbid – January's depressing enough.

So who better to lead the final *FHM* than the delightful Holly Willoughby? Turn to p52 to see her interview us about, well, us – helpfully, it's illustrated with photos of Holly looking better than she's ever looked before.

Away from Holly, there's a lot to get your teeth into. Firstly, you can reminisce on our greatest moments with the *FHM* retrospective on p88, while you'll be floored by our history of terrorism on p44. And on p32, we've got an interview with Tinie Tempah – a true *FHM* hero.

Finally, there are a lot of people to thank for helping us over the years, but the people we owe most to are you, our readers. Without you, we'd just be shouting into the ether – like mad people in pubs. We just hope you've loved reading the most talked about, funniest and credible men's magazine ever created. Enjoy this final issue – we've saved the best till last.

Damien McSorley, editor-in-chief

THE TEAM

WHAT FHMERS HAVE BEEN UP TO THIS MONTH

WE HUNG OUT WITH BIGGIE

We did a photo shoot with Big Narstie, and it turns out that the grime stalwart isn't very nasty at all – he's actually very nice. Which, subsequently, makes him a liar. His name should actually be Big Liar. We didn't tell him that because he has fists as big as microwaves.





WE GOT INTERVIEWED BY A TOTAL LEGEND

You already know that it's Holly Willoughby. You saw the cover before reading this tiny paragraph after all, right? Here she is with photographer Perou and our art director Barney. Holly goes down in the history books for being the final ever *FHM* cover girl (sob) and what a lovely person to captain the sinking ship.

WE TOOK A SUPERJUMBO JET TO WORK

British Airways flew us out to LA to interview the second smartest man in the world (flights from £434, ba.com). And just last month, Pure Michigan (michigan.org) kindly put us up at the H Hotel in Midland to meet a load of Santa students. We were a lucky old lot, weren't we?





WE CHILLED OUT IN ICELAND

Fashion editor Daisy and deputy fashion editor Carlotta got to go, er, chill out in Iceland for a bit, with the aim of bringing us back some amazing style shoots. Problem is, this is all we've had back from them. We think they must still be there, frozen in gang poses for eternity.

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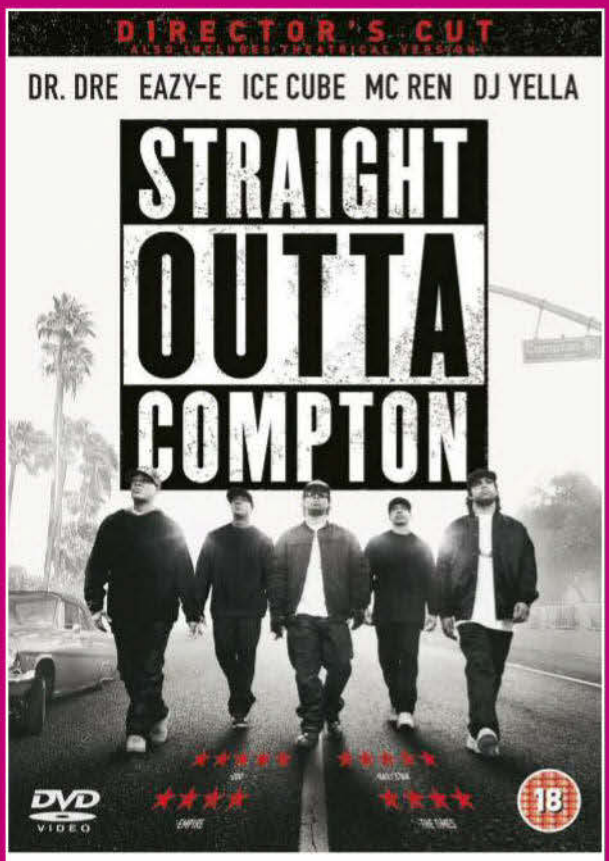
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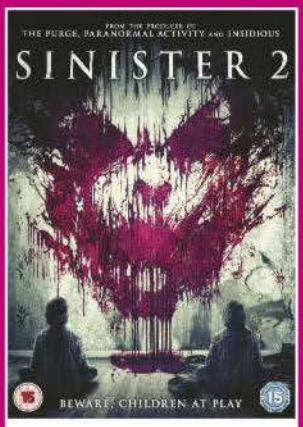
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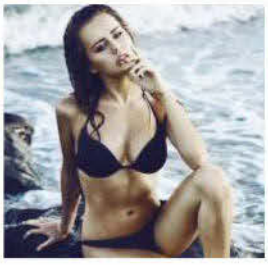
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While stocks last.

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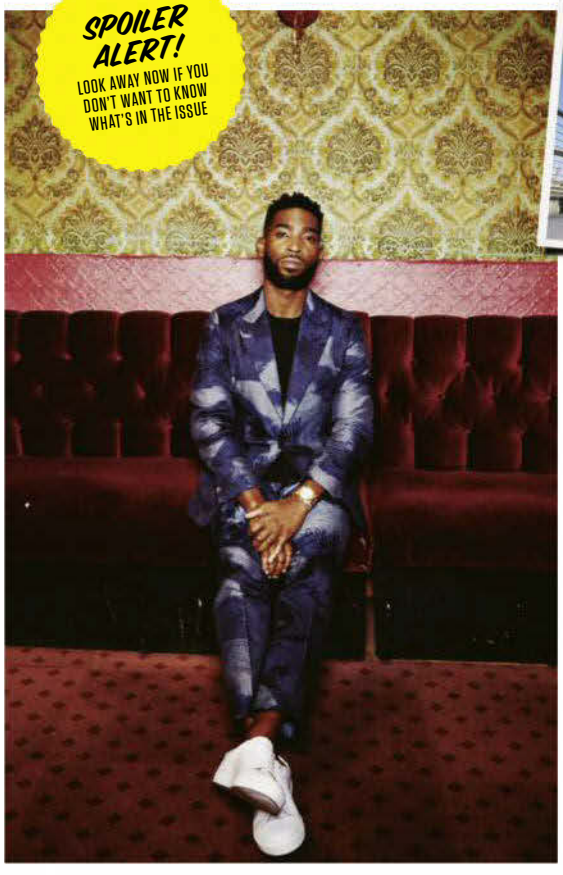


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SPOILER ALERT!
LOOK AWAY NOW IF YOU DON'T WANT TO KNOW WHAT'S IN THE ISSUE



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LETTERS 02/16



We weren't the only ones sad that the magazine was closing. Just look at this lot…



Our number-one reader

When I featured in the world's best magazine back in May 2012 in an article about the Falklands, I was over the moon. Hearing the news you guys are to stop printing was devastating – I fear there is going to be a huge gaping hole in my life and I'm not quite sure how to cope.

I'm now living in the Falklands again and had all my copies shipped 8,000 miles down the Atlantic to join me, while each new issue was posted to me each month. You just can't replace that simple pleasure of opening up a new copy of *FHM* each month and reading all the stuff you need to know. I don't want to live life through a phone and I worry for future generations of men who will never have the experience I did.

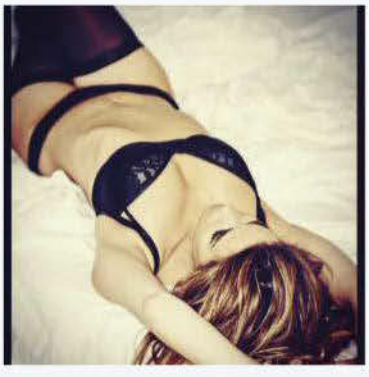
I'm writing to say thank you for all the years of producing such a quality magazine for the men of Britain. Whether it's learning how to cook up a storm from DJ BBQ or reading about inspirational people doing what they love, *FHM* has never failed to disappointment.

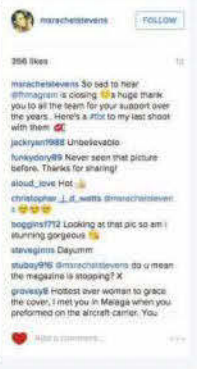
I hope this penguin photo will cheer you all up. Good luck – *FHM* will be greatly missed.

Zoran Zuvic, via email









TWEET DREAMS

Emma Hadley @emmajt81
Sad news about FHM and Zoo magazine – the end of an era!

Sir Cuntington @Inked_gooner
Sad news that @FHM is to suspend publication. Thank you for June 1999 with @gailporter

Lauren Gamp @laurengamp
Thank you @FHM for being the best art desk work experience, and inspiring me to write a kickass dissertation. Sad to see you go!

Samantha @SamHModel
If any mag should be axed, it should be body shaming women's mags. Not FHM and Zoo. Celebrating women always wins over 'look who has got fat'

Scott Taylor @ScottTaylor15
Can't believe FHM and Zoo are closing down. I still remember the first time I came across them as a teenager.

Martin Daubney @MartinDaubney
I've been told FHM and Zoo currently reporting to pub. Drink deep, fellas, and thanks for all the good work.

Dominic Utton @DomUtton
Genuine shame about #FHM and #Zoo. I've written pieces for both and at their best they were brilliant.

James Penty @JamesPenty
Gutted about @FHM going to suspend publication. My #FHM wall will stop. Every issue since 1990



Shannon Tudor @shandog87
In other news I've only just read that @ZOO and @FHM have closed... WTF – whose stupid idea was that!

Rachel Stevens @MsRachelStevens
Such a shame that @FHM is closing. Thank you for all your support throughout my career. I've loved working with you x

Ben Hanlin @benhanlin
FHM and Zoo to be axed! My 15 year old self is crying a bit inside!

Amy Diamond @amydollface
Fond farewell to Zoo and FHM! Only great memories and amazing times spent shooting with them! End of an era.

Mr Keer @sidecarteam33
Nuts gone. Loaded gone. And now FHM and Zoo going, what can we read while she does the weekly shop? Tractor Monthly? Carp World? FUCK THAT.

Stuch @harrietstuch
Goodnight sweet prince @FHM



Steve Nash @SteveNashLA
Sad to see FHM & Zoo close. Gave 13 years of my life to those mags and they were great years, surrounded by some incredibly talented people.

Billy Laubrum @BillyLaubrum
Sad news that #FHM and #Zoo are to close. End of lads mags. Best wishes to the staff on both mags.

WE TRENDED #1 UK AND #2 WORLDWIDE WHEN CLOSURE WAS ANNOUNCED

Worldwide Trends · Change
#جدة_الآن
FHM and Zoo
#PSYSomewhereDownTheRoad
Ashok Singhal
#1DPH
#APEChottie
#FelizMartes
#WhenWeWereYoung
#السعوديه_تبغى
#CharityTuesday

Would Wife Game Changer

One year ago, Charlotte McKinney was just another beautiful face in the crowd. Now, she's arguably the most in-demand model on the planet. What a difference 12 months can make…

CHRIS SAYER

EDUARDO VON GARCIA/LUCKERISH

WHO SHE?

Age: 22
From: Florida
Likes: Burgers, Instagram, Paul Rudd
Dislikes: Cats, *Mario Kart*
Instagram: @charlottemckinney

HAIR AND MAKE-UP: KHADINE

Do us a favour. Find some paper and a pen and write down five billion numerically. That's a five with nine zeroes, if you're struggling. Now look at it. Say it out loud. Five billion. Five billion. Five BILLION. The enormity of that number sorta doesn't register, does it? It feels like a made-up quantity, created by kids in a playground that like to hyper-exaggerate how many presents they got for Christmas.

Not getting our head around it is no problem, though. In all honesty, billions are rarely reserved for us mere mortals. We'll settle for the millions, thankyouverymuch.

But five billion is a very real number for the girl on these pages. That number, that brain-beating number with the nine zeroes,


"It's all about
how you
command
a room"



represents how many times Charlotte McKinney was talked about in 2015. And all it took was a bite of a burger.

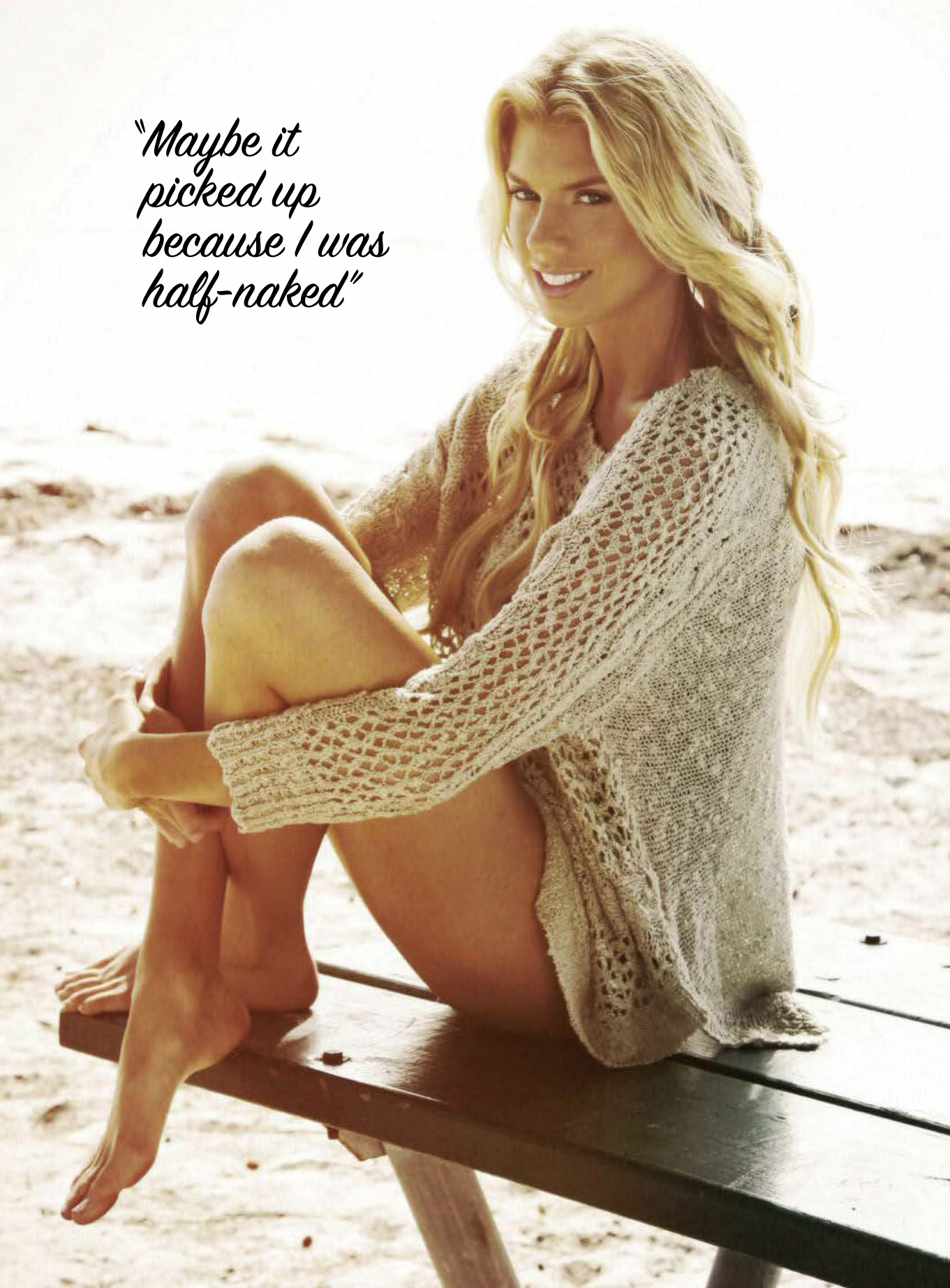
"Something about it picked up," Charlotte says. "Maybe it was because I was half-naked." She is, of course, talking about the 45 seconds of airtime on Sunday 1 February 2015 that changed her life forever. That was the date on which the New England Patriots took on the Seattle Seahawks in the 49th Super Bowl, with 114 million people tuning in to make it the most-watched broadcast in American television history.

Do you remember the final score? Us neither. But do you recall the stunning half-naked girl walking through the farmers' market in the Carl's Jr burger advert during the break? Of course you do. That was Charlotte McKinney.

The 114 million sports fans glued to their sofas were only chapter one for Charlotte. Soon, her face in that advert would be shared on social media, hosted on influential websites, talked about on TV and written about so much that it earned an estimated and phenomenal five billion media impressions.

"A bombshell is a girl who can walk in a room, and just have such a lively energy that people can connect to," Charlotte says. "It's about more than looks – it's about your confidence, and the way you command a room."

That 'energy', although hard to define, is something Charlotte has by the bucket load. The proof? The morning after May 2015's 'Fight of the Century', the most hyped (and perhaps disappointing) boxing match in living memory, headlines included:


"Maybe it
picked up
because I was
half-naked"


"You need a lively energy people can connect to"

'McKinney Is The Real Knockout of The Pacquiao-Mayweather Fight'. Forget the room: McKinney can walk into an arena and become the centre of attention. That'd be the second world-famous international sporting event she's bossed, then.

However, the 'confidence' she describes is something that hasn't always come easy to Charlotte. Aged 17, she was forced to drop out of college, citing a mix of bullying, dyslexia and grades as the reason for her leaving.

"I guess they saw me as a target," she says. "I was always hanging around with guys because I was funny, and I didn't have a lot of girlfriends to back me. I knew what I had to do. I knew school wasn't an option."

But it wasn't all roses when she left school, either. Determined to make it as a model, Charlotte would get stonewalled every time she met an agent, presented with the same damning response: "You're 5ft 7in, you want to model, and you have ginormous boobs," she says.

It was time to take her future into her own hands. Treating her Instagram account as a modelling portfolio, all-natural Charlotte stuck two fingers up to the critics and opted for a DIY path to her dream job instead.

Almost 800k followers later, she's properly Insta-famous, leading her to become magazine cover-famous, and, of course, burger-chomping-Super-Bowl-advert famous. The funny, easy-to-pick-on college dropout, without doubt, has had the last laugh.

FOUR MORE CARL'S JR GIRLS



AUDRINA PATRIDGE

At the height of her fame in 2009, the star of US reality show *The Hills* crammed a Teriyaki burger into her mush while lolling on the beach in a golden bikini.



EMILY RATAJKOWSKI

The 2010 ad for the new Memphis BBQ burger proved no cookout is complete without tiny shorts, star-spangled bikinis and that girl from the *Blurred Lines* video.



KIM KARDASHIAN

The internet-breaking queen took her all-new Carl's Jr salad into a bubble bath in 2009. Completely normal behaviour for anyone, of course.



KATE UPTON

An ad so sexy it was stripped from the airwaves, Kate Upton's burger-pushing for the Southwest Patty Melt saw her enjoying it a little *too* much for TV.

PHOTOGRAPHY: PA PHOTOS

HOW I DID IT...

IAN WRIGHT, 52, FORMER FOOTBALLER

Nothing drives a man like the doubt of an idol. As a kid, my older brother Maurice was my hero. He could do everything better than me – and he let me know it, too. The more he teased me, the more I practised.

I got run over by a car while trying to impress him. I wanted to prove how fast I was, so I shouted "Watch this!" and legged it across the road and into a big car. I was in hospital for three months with a broken leg, so he didn't tease me quite so much after that.

I'm pretty sure I had ADHD as a kid. Not that the term existed back then. I was forever being sent out of the classroom. I just couldn't concentrate – and my daughter is the same. It's just how some people are built.

Never underestimate the benefit of a strong male role model. An old teacher called Mr Pigden was the big guy for me. I was petrified of him, but he took me under his wing and taught me how to read and write when nobody else could.

Subtlety and smarts are a great combination. In school football matches, I'd blast the ball into the goal as hard as I could – like it only counted if I broke the net. Mr Pigden would put his hand on my shoulder and talk about finding the space and placing my shots. That's the key to a great striker.

I thought Mr Pigden had died a long time ago. But I was doing a TV programme a few years back, standing on the upper east stand of Highbury, and he appeared behind me. I took my hat off, cried and hugged him. He was a few steps higher than me, so I was at stomach height. I felt like a kid again.

Good teachers are a blessing. When he told me how proud he was of me, I suddenly realised he was the single most important role model in my life.

Every club rejected me. I'd write them letters, watching on as all of my friends signed contracts with big clubs. Once, on the way back from an unsuccessful trial with Brighton, I sobbed the entire bus journey home.

I signed my first contract when I was 22. Up until then, I played for a pub team. People talk about Jamie Vardy, but my rise was far more sudden.

Crystal Palace asked me to come in for a trial three times, and I said no to them three times. I just couldn't take the rejection any more. Life has a way of beating you down – but you've always got to give yourself a chance. Thankfully, I had a change of heart.

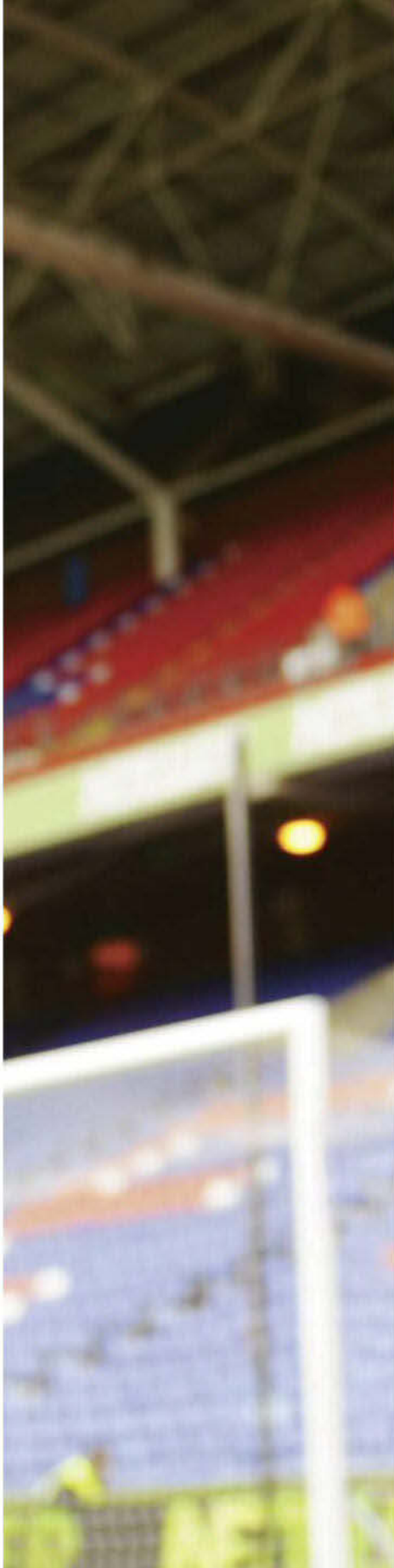
People will doubt you however good you are. Don't listen. People can say what they want. Get your head down and work hard.

I cried when I scored my first goal for England. I even cried in the dressing room beforehand, when I realised I was getting ready between Gazza and Gary Lineker. I had to run to the toilet to hide my tears.

What does a goal feel like? I think Emmanuel Petit summed it up best when he said, "I don't know what it's like to touch a rainbow, but it must be something like that." Life after football is a constant search for that heart-blasting feeling. That perfect moment. Euphoria.

Ian Wright has teamed up with Currys PC World to promote its 4K TV range

PHOTOGRAPHY: GETTY IMAGES





Entertain your brain

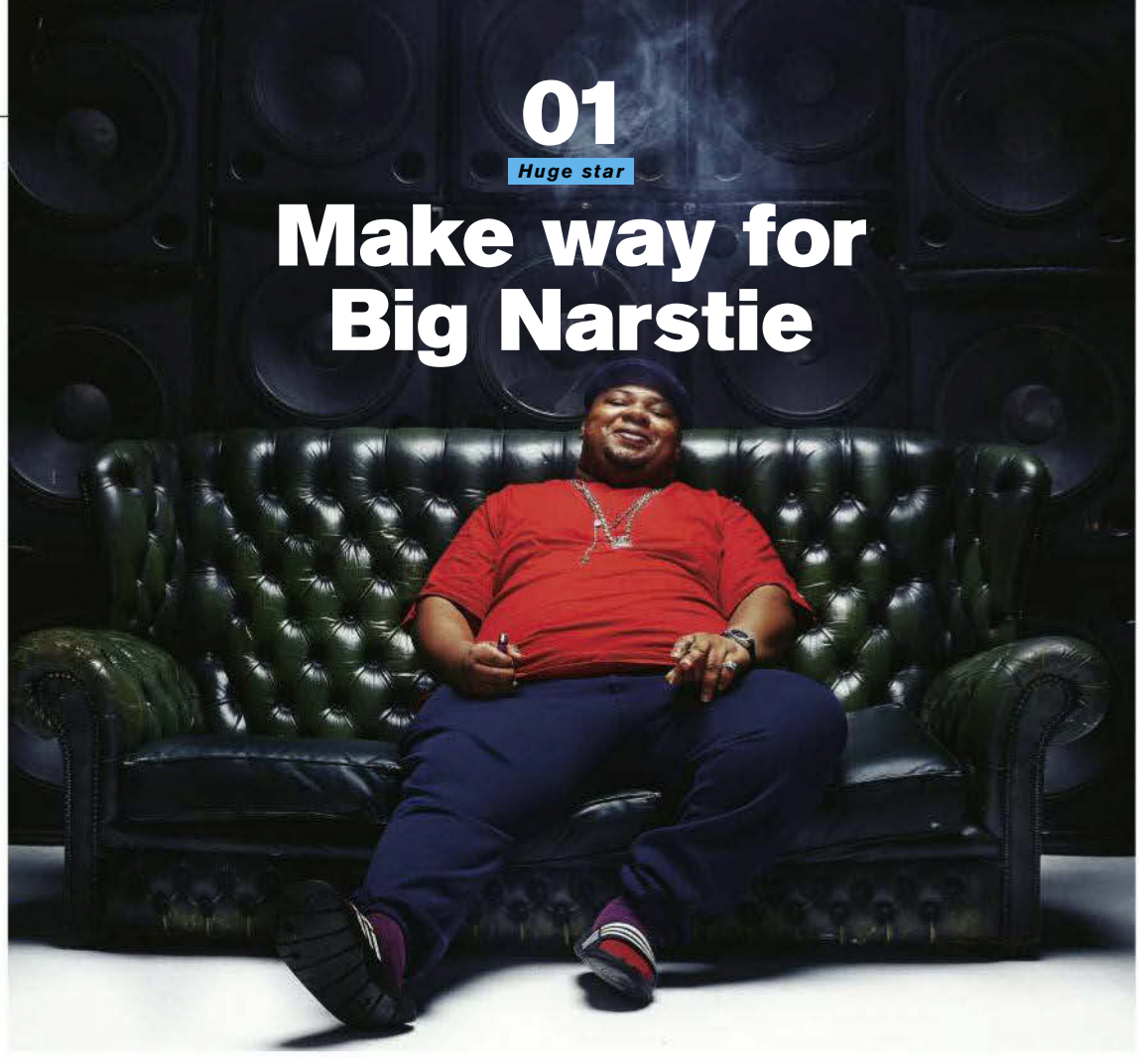
10 *things to make your month massive*



01

Huge star

Make way for Big Narstie



Big Narstie is a living, breathing, laughing Buddha. On our shoot, the grime kingpin is the picture of contented calm. It's far more than you can say for the room around him. Music blares as slick agents pace around making panicked phone calls and pinching their brows in frustration. Why the hubbub? Big Narstie has forgotten his favourite trainers. And he wants them. Now.

It's a testament to how far Narstie has come that anybody gives a single, solitary shit about his size 12s – and it's also proof that, in 2016, grime music has become Big Business. With the support of US hip-hop titans like Drake and Kanye West, the genre has outgrown its humble postcodes and set course for world domination.

Narstie's been there for the whole ride, but a recent collaboration with Craig David signalled his first assault on the charts.

Do you subscribe to Craig David's patented seven-day schedule?

Look: his first album was tailor-made for the uterus, but I've evolved that method. I clock in at about four days. I've given Craig a few pointers, and he's improving.

Good to know. Are you chuffed with how grime has grown?

Of course, because it's true British music. It's influenced by American hip-hop, but grime ain't made on no boulevard. We're creating something 100% English – and the world's starting to dig it.

You've played a big part in that.

D'you know the bumblebee, yeah? By the laws of physics, it shouldn't be able to fly. It's too fat for its wings. But the bumblebee doesn't know that. It just knows that it got to get that honey and pollen. I'm the same – I'm not supposed to do half the stuff I do.

Ever consider selling out?

I've got the ears of the public, but what's next? A collaboration with David Guetta? Fuck that. My next song will be a grime song. If you're a dog, wear your collar.

Reckon you could run the country?

Hmm, I'd change a lot. I'd put an end to David Cameron's proposed porn ban. Not on my fucking watch. But the biggest issue for me is homelessness. Nobody should be sleeping outside a WHSmith in 2016. Everyone deserves their own castle.

You call yourself Big Narstie, but you're clearly very nice. What's the nastiest thing you've done recently?

Road rage is a fucker. We stepped out the car, it all got a bit wordy-wordy, and then I grabbed the guy. He shouted, "Oh shit, you're Big Narstie!" and asked me for a selfie. The beef *always* ends with a selfie.

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THE FUTURE OF SHAVING IS FINALLY HERE!

INTRODUCING NEO

GAME CHANGING RAZOR THAT CLEVERLY DISPENSES THE SHAVING FOAM STRAIGHT TO THE BLADES VIA A REPLACEABLE CANISTER INSIDE THE HANDLE

+HE FOR MEN SHAVE DOC+OR
THE LEADING SHAVE EXPERT

NEO
MANUAL SHAVING SYSTEM

What is NEO?



NEO COMES READY TO SHAVE OUT THE BOX!
FIRST APPLY THE SHAVEDOCTOR GEL-OIL USING THE ROLLERBALL APPLICATOR TO SOFTEN THE BEARD AND REDUCE RAZOR RASH.
NEXT SHAKE THE HANDLE AND SLIDE THE BUTTON TO RELEASE ULTIMATE SHAVING FOAM THROUGH THE BLADES

FOR BEST RESULTS DO NOT ACTIVATE WHEN IN CONTACT WITH SKIN



4 SWEDISH TEFLON AND TITANIUM COATED STAINLESS STEEL BLADES



Shaving foam dispensed via a 25ml aerosol canister







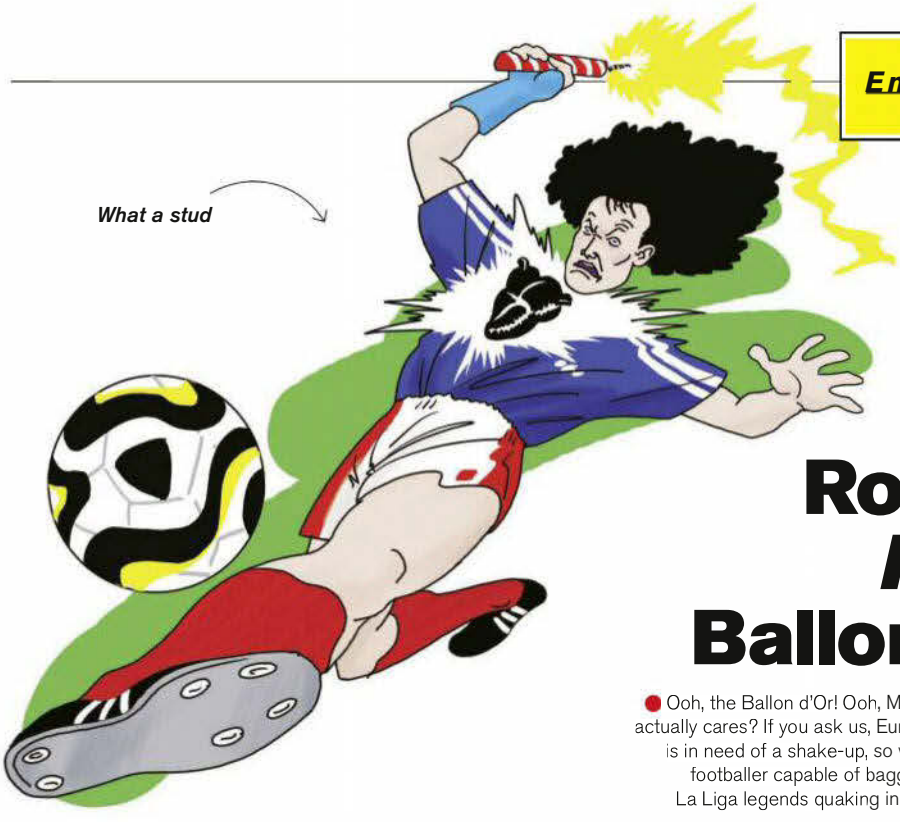
"I was determined to develop a range of shaving products that would protect the skin from shaving rash and razor burn like no other"

+HESHAVEDOC+OR
MARK SPROSTON

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02

Footy DIY

Root for *FHM*'s Ballon d'Or

Ooh, the Ballon d'Or! Ooh, Messi vs Ronaldo! Ooh, who actually cares? If you ask us, Europe's premier footy award is in need of a shake-up, so we created a Frankenstein footballer capable of bagging first place and leaving La Liga legends quaking in their boots on 11 January

01 JAMIE VARDY'S DODGY VIBE
No footballer quite gives you the same nervous feeling that he might set a firework off really near you or take you down the train tracks to see a mangled dog's body than Jamie Vardy. Electric pace, pure striking confidence, and the curious feeling he's shagged your sister.

02 LEE CATTERMOLE'S SATELLITE-LINK-UP-TO-AMERICA DELAY IN TACKLES
A YouTube search for 'Lee Cattermole + well-timed tackle' yields zero results. But would the Premier League be the same without him? No. What it would gain in fewer broken legs, it would lose in heart.

03 DIEGO COSTA'S BLACK HEART
Every Premier League era needs a dickhead – a Gary Neville to wind the opposite fans up; a Roy Keane to crunch through a shinbone like a breadstick – but Costa is possibly the biggest dickhead ever: niggling, overdramatic and a face like a really sad baseball glove.

04 PHIL JONES' WILLINGNESS TO PUT HIS HEAD IN FRONT OF IT
There is rare beauty in Phil Jones' defending – his willingness to get tonked in the face by a football akin to a flawless rabona. If there was a Ballon d'Or for taking six shots in the face, Jones would win it by a country mile.

05 MAROUANE FELLAINI'S UNGAINLINESS
You've got to hand it to Fellaini: he walks around the pitch like a removal man falling down a staircase holding a box of crockery, but still managed to hoodwink his way into the United team. The world is insane. He is proof.

03

Entertainment

Live by the Creed



ASSASSIN'S CREED CHRONICLES
Out 12 January (Xbox One, PS4, PC)
Set in 1800s India, this has a side-scrolling model, a bit like Sonic – except instead of a hedgehog, you'll be a blood-thirsty psychopath.



CREED
Out 15 January
Critically acclaimed *Rocky* spin-off starring Michael B Jordan as Apollo Creed's son and the Sly man as his fedora-bonced trainer.

04

Television

Catch a surprise TV classic



The Office aside, US remakes of British TV series tend to be ball-achingly awful. *Fawlty Towers*, *Dad's Army*, *Absolutely Fabulous*, *Porridge*, *Teachers*, *Skins*, *Men Behaving Badly*… The list of cocked-up casualties goes on and on.

Clearly, it's tricky translating Britcoms for US audiences. They like their sitcoms glossy and upbeat – *Friends*, *Modern Family* – while us Brits prefer our LOLs jet-black and claustrophobic – *Steptoe & Son*, *Peep Show*. So why does the US remake of *Shameless* – the harshest, darkest Britcom of all – work so brilliantly?

Relocated from Manchester to Chicago, with William H Macy as perma-drunk Frank Gallagher, the US *Shameless* doesn't tinker with the original's premise: sympathetic and never sneering, it finds the humour and drama in dysfunctional families, grinding poverty and demented romance. But while the UK *Shameless* limped over the finish line, the US version – starting its sixth season this month – is still in full swagger. In fact (whisper it) it may even be an improvement on the original…









Future TV

Or enjoy some US originals

● Do your eyeballs a solid by gearing up for 2016's unmissable telly roster…

1

If you liked: *Louie*
Then you'll love: *Baskets*
21 January, FX
US comedy don Louis CK teams up with Zach Galifianakis to create this unavoidably brilliant series about a man who sets off to Paris to pursue his dream of becoming a professional clown.

2

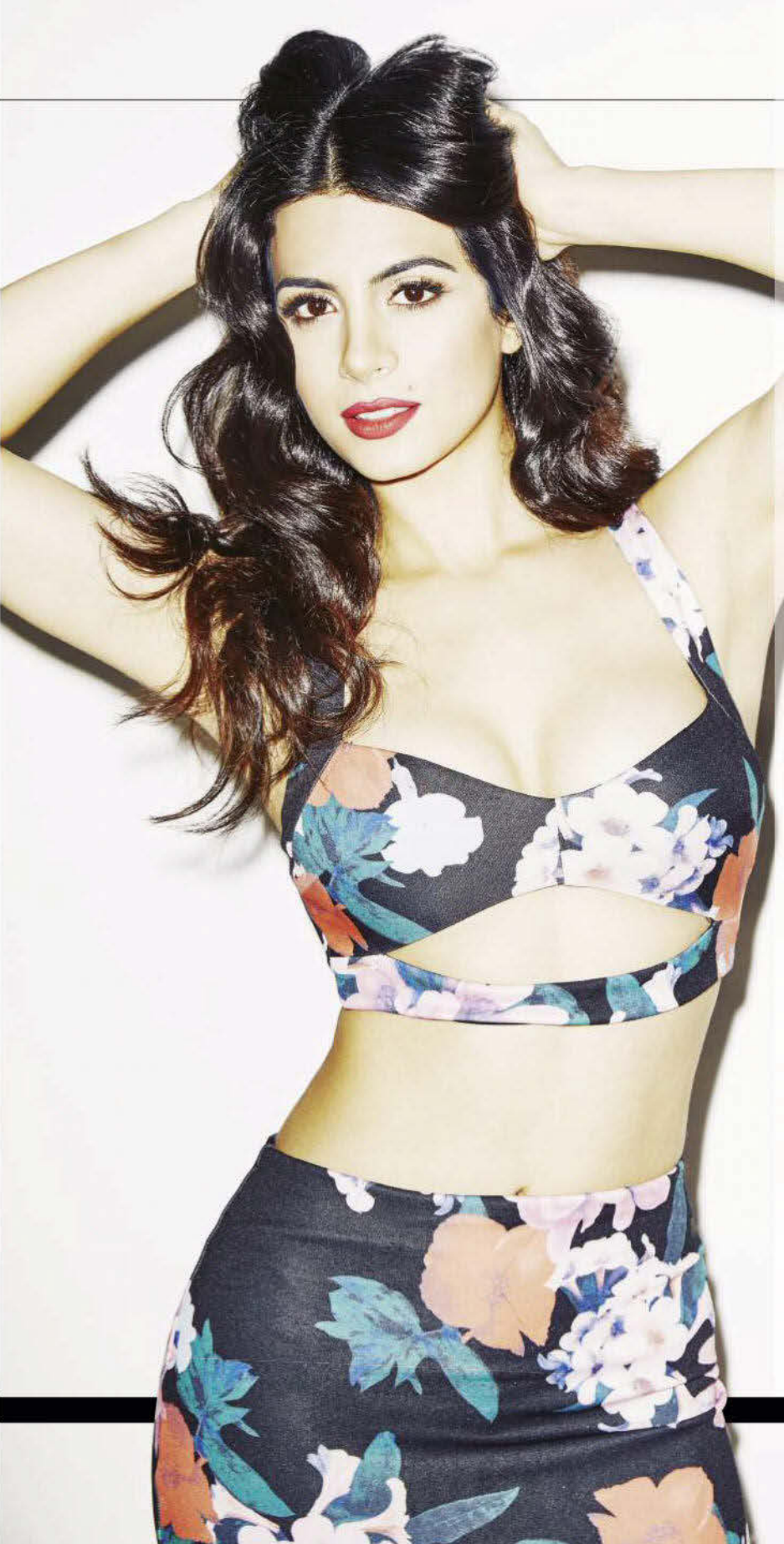
If you liked: *Jessica Jones*
Then you'll love: *Preacher*
19 February, AMC
The most pant-cackingly menacing man in graphic novels is finally getting his own TV show, complete with *Breaking Bad* guitar jangles and spaghetti western violence aplenty.

3

If you liked: *The Eric Andre Show*
Then you'll love: *Man Seeking Woman*
6 January, FX
The first series of this weird-as-hell comedy from former *Saturday Night Live* writer Simon Rich went under the radar, but it can't be long before the award gongs start piling up. You heard it here first.

4

If you liked: *Glee*
Then you'll love: *The Get Down*
TBA 2016, Netflix
A 10-years-in-the-making Baz Luhrmann musical set in 1970s gang-addled New York. We can only assume this is going to be a bit like *Glee*, except with a lot more gun crime and a lot less *Don't Stop Believin'* montages.



06

Girl crush

Fall in love with Emeraude Toubia

Don't you think the world would be a better place if America and Canada joined forces to create one glorious super-nation?

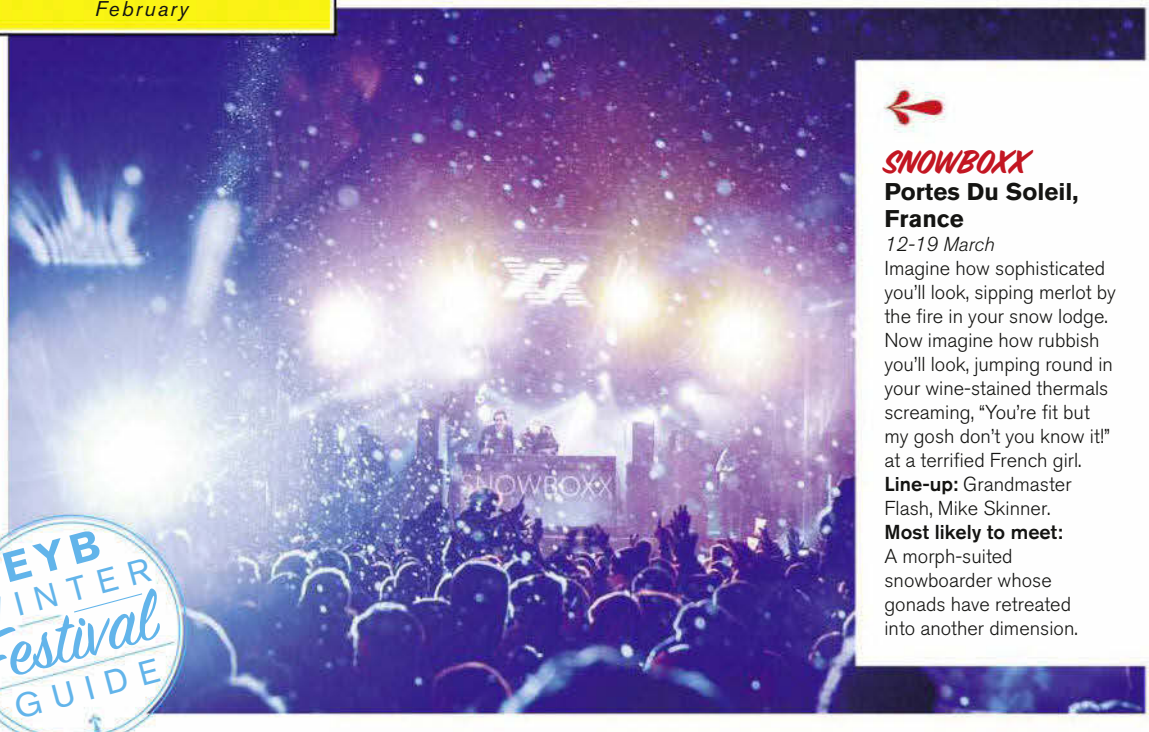
Imagine: unerring self-belief tempered by relentless politeness. A national dish of pancakes and maple syrup, eaten morning, noon and night, 365 days a year. Blue California skies patrolled by bazooka-toting mounties straddling bald eagles. It. Would. Be. Awesome.

And that's without even mentioning the celebrated Canadian-Americans of history: Walt Disney, Thomas Edison, William Shatner – and Emeraude Toubia, star of upcoming TV drama *Shadowhunters*.

So what's it all about? "I play Isabelle Lightwood," says Emeraude, who's also of Lebanese and Mexican descent. "She's fully in charge of her sexuality, and for a lot of females that's a hard thing to master. She has beauty, brains, and can punch you in the face if you deserve it."

Shadowhunters *premieres on ABC on 12 January*

EYB WINTER Festival GUIDE



SNOWBOXX
Portes Du Soleil, France
12-19 March
Imagine how sophisticated you'll look, sipping merlot by the fire in your snow lodge. Now imagine how rubbish you'll look, jumping round in your wine-stained thermals screaming, "You're fit but my gosh don't you know it!" at a terrified French girl.
Line-up: Grandmaster Flash, Mike Skinner.
Most likely to meet: A morph-suited snowboarder whose gonads have retreated into another dimension.

07 Plan a big freeze booze fest

Festivals

Are you a fan of good vibes? Do you own an effective pair of winter gloves? Welcome to the frostiest parties on Earth

ALTITUDE
Mayrhofen, Austria
11-15 January
Depending on when you read this, you're either too late (GUTTED) or need to dedicate the next 24 hours to a last-ditch sickie scheme. It's well worth the trouble, though – every year, Britain's funniest assemble for the biggest comedy show ever, packed with winter sports and laffs aplenty. Recent headliners include Bill Bailey, Eddie Izzard and Marcus Brigstocke.
Line-up: Katherine Ryan, Daniel Sloss, John Bishop.
Most likely to meet: A guy who can't deal with the altitude and tragically dies laughing.





SONAR

Reykjavik, Iceland

18-20 February

Year on year, Iceland's flagship festival comes up trumps with a line-up that'll not only blow your socks off, but also your entire outfit until you're a naked, shivering, musically satisfied mess.

Line-up: American rap newcomer Angel Haze, Scottish disk jockey Hudson Mohawke and the hilariously named Vaginaboys.

Most likely to meet: The glare of the bartender as he charges you 17€ for a half pint.

SNOWBOMBING

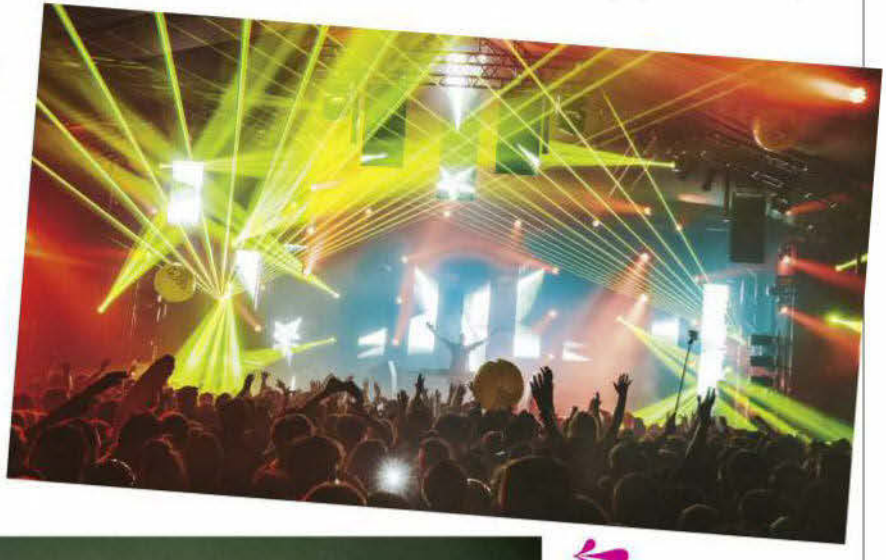
Mayrhofen, Austria

4-9 April

Described by Dizzee Rascal as "Ibiza on ice", Snowbombing combines alpine sport with brain-melting dance music and the kind of stunning, snowy vistas that'd make Vinnie Jones bin his knuckle dusters and write a haiku.

Line-up: The Prodigy, Fatboy Slim, Skepta, Bastille.

Most likely to meet: A heart-wrenchingly fit posh girl called Tinkerbonk.





HORIZON

Bansko, Bulgaria

12-17 March

Horizon is all about the numbers: 70km of pristine slopes, 60 of the world's coolest DJs and – take a deep breath – £1 pints at every turn. This Bulgarian blow-out might be a budget option, but that doesn't change the fact that it's one of the greatest dance fests on the calendar.

Line-up: Goldie, Levon Vincent, Lady Leshurr.

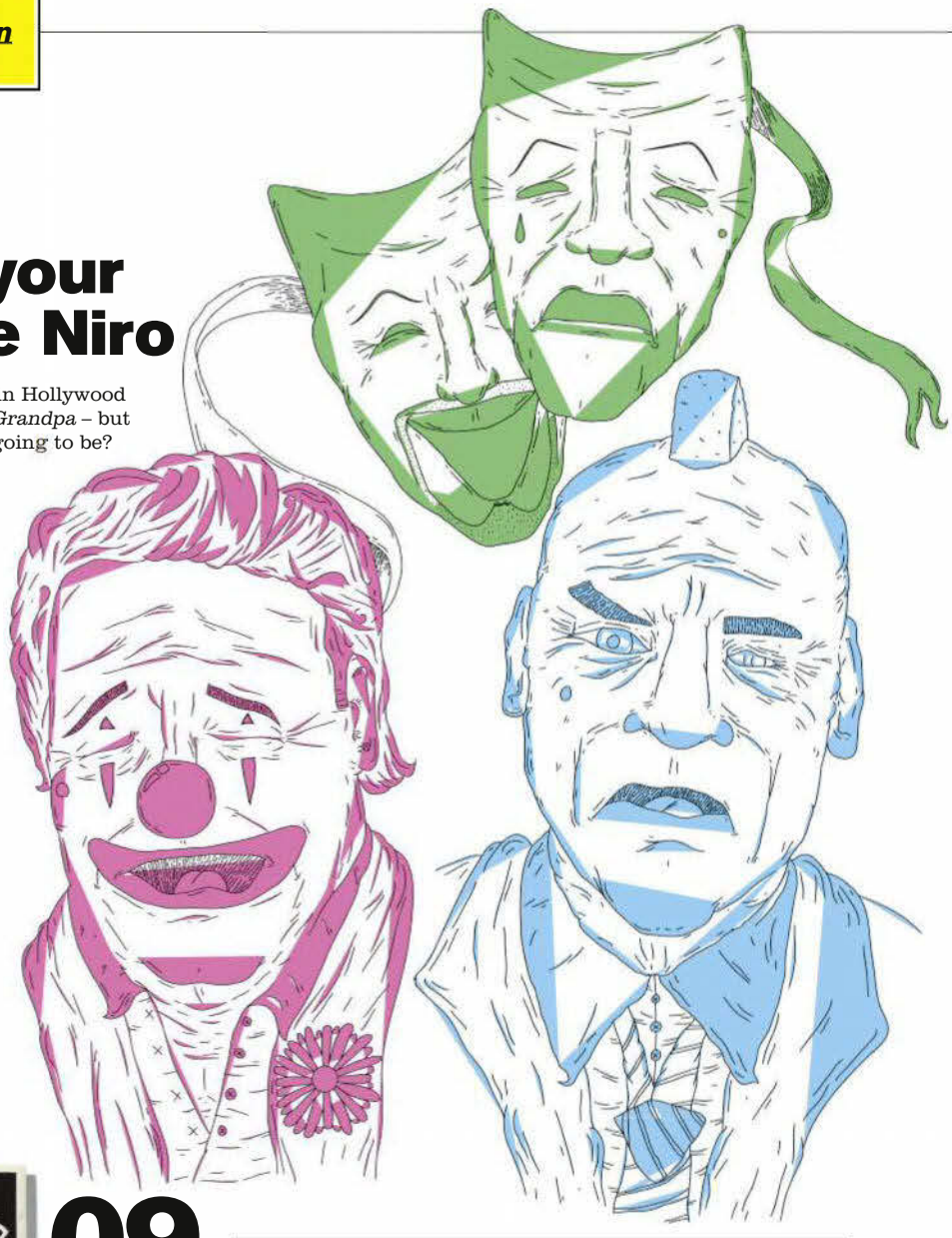
Most likely to meet: The next Annie Mac.

08

You speaking to me?

Choose your movie De Niro

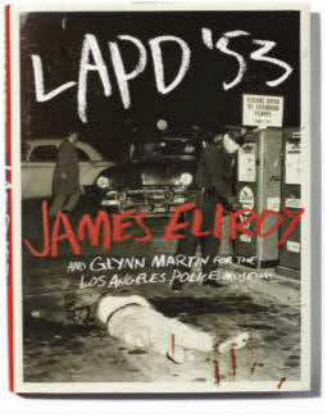
The hardest working man in Hollywood returns this month in *Dirty Grandpa* – but what version of Bobby is he going to be?



MUGGING-COMEDY-BOZO DE NIRO
Roughly every 3.5 years, De Niro signs up for a meh comedy in which he plays a goofy eccentric who grins a lot. He always seems to enjoy himself, and it's nice somebody does – because the rest of us are left sighing, "Oh maaan… You were in *Goodfellas*."

NO-THAT-WAS-PACINO DE NIRO
Who starred in *Killing Season*? *Stand Up Guys*? *The Bag Man*? Nobody knows for sure – not even Bob or Al…

STILL-REASONABLY-PSYCHO DE NIRO
Bob can screw up his face in a manner that suggests he's had it with this shit and everybody had better get the hell outta his way. He's essentially playing the fiercest, most nerve-wracking grandpa ever.



09

Book time

Crack the case

Legendary crime scribe James Ellroy (*LA Confidential*, *The Black Dahlia*) has teamed up with the Los Angeles Police Department to uncover hundreds of gruesome crime scene shots from 1953, one of the busiest and bloodiest years in LAPD history.

It's not for the faint-hearted (or the coffee table, unless you want the local Neighbourhood Watch to burn down your Ikea flatpack), but *LAPD '53* is an absorbing, extremely real and chilling insight into an era of crime often glamourised by spit-polished video games, noir novels and fedora-loving movie detectives.

10 Prep for an alien invasion

X-files

With Mulder and Scully returning to our screens later this month, we survey the array of alien threats facing Earth

	THE ALIEN	THE PREDATOR	EWOKS	PRAWNS	MARTIANS
					
FIRST SEEN	*Alien*, 1979	*Predator*, 1987	*Return Of The Jedi*, 1983	*District 9*, 2009	*Mars Attacks*, 1996
LOOKS LIKE	A dickhead. Literally.	A mutant bouncer.	Jeremy Corbyn.	Er, prawns.	Kate Moss with a scrotum for a head.
INTELLIGENCE	Managed to outsmart a bunch of space truckers.	Developed laser cannons, so they must be pretty smart.	They thought C-3PO was a god.	Tough call: able to build weapons, but don't have the gumption to tell humans to do one.	They're capable of transplanting Pierce Brosnan's head on to a dog's body.
SUPERPOWERS	Two mouths. Acid blood. Being terrifying.	Shoulder lasers. Dreadlocks. Creepy laugh.	Defeated the empire's best legions with sticks and stones.	Zoidberg mouth.	Mercilessness. Ray guns. Having an awesome language (ACK-ACK).
MOST LIKELY TO	Freak out Bill Paxton.	Claim your spine as a trophy as part of a hunting ritual.	Appear in a spin-off cartoon.	Be a metaphor for apartheid.	Take great delight in destroying the world.

Essays for men
BY JOEL GOLBY



PHOTOGRAPHY: ALAMY, GAMES PRESS, GETTY

BEING A MAN IS STILL GREAT

Men are in pretty good shape right now… and don't let anyone tell you otherwise

There are three fundamental things that men enjoy: lager, *Fifa* and fart jokes. Fart jokes have been funny for millennia, and they will be funny forever. They will be funny until the universe splinters at the edges and frays back into atoms. The dying gasps of the last man to ever live – his ancient, pulsating skull the size of an award-winning pumpkin, lying geriatric in a hoverbed – will be the quiet, gentle croak: pull my finger.

Lager is such a basic component of manhood that you have to wonder what the very lowest standard of lager must be for a man to find it unacceptable to drink [*Fig. 1*]. Bad lager is like bad sex: even when it's bad, it's still quite good. I've had lager out of plastic pint glasses that was so flat it was essentially urine, and still, if you pushed me on the spot to review it, I would say, "It's alright." University rugby clubs funnel lager into their arseholes and shit it out to be slurped up by freshers with a straw, and you still think that if they gave that arse lager a Yelp review, it would still average two stars out of five. It is essentially more important to men than blood.

And if you are a man who has been alive in the last 20 years, you will be familiar with *Fifa* [*Fig. 2*], even if you're a *Pro Evo* apologist. You will have spent some stoned evening in your mate's front room with a Sainsbury's bag full of tins, trying to do that shimmy-instep, quick 1-2 combo that always works online. But your mate always sees it coming, desperately shouting "bastard", looking at the clock as it ticks around to 1am and turning and saying, "One more?"

Those are your three main male components, the unchanging constant. Throw those in a bucket and mix them with some semen and leave under a towel or muslin cloth to bloom. Then, in 60 to 80 days on a warm radiator, it'll rise like a loaf, and a man will come out. A misshapen man, undoubtedly. An actual monster. But he'll be capable of doing a low-level admin job somewhere in an office near Leek, or football punditry for Sky Sports.

Those are the constants. But men have been shifting around them in waves ever since *FHM* launched. *For Him Magazine* was founded as a quarterly in 1985, but it was in 1994 that it became the magazine as we know it – a time when Britain was basically one constant, decade-long Happy Mondays gig. It was when Britain was essentially Gazza in a bucket hat doing line after line of coke while Oasis waddled around him in cargo trousers saying, "ALRIGHT, OUR KID?" That was when lads were in full swing. Remember the '90s? Perhaps you don't. It was essentially an era where it was OK to legitimately like Chumbawamba [*Fig. 3*]. Obviously, that had to change.

So, at the turn of the millennium, modern man evolved from its primitive early-lad prototype into the metrosexual, which essentially involved strapping a baby to your chest – any baby, it didn't have to be yours – and wearing a pair of I-am-an-architect glasses and a muted grey T-shirt, and reading self-help books about male anger, and maybe – hey, we're all open minded, right? – letting someone touch your prostate mid-session. It was sort of an about-turn from the '90s though in the same way, probably a bit much.

And so men found a sort of level in-between, and that's where we are now – looking forward to a bright new future. Because after that misguided 'nu-lad' dalliance sometime last year, men are in good shape.

Men have their faults – we're exceptionally bad at emotions, we are fundamentally the more violent gender, we are on the whole responsible for basically every atrocity in human history, we're not fantastically good at basic laundry – but there's a lot to like, too.

We're funny as hell and we're not afraid to take the piss out of each other. Banter is essentially a second language. We make good dads because we're good at shouting but we're also good at playing with Lego. We're powerful; we're good leaders. We're extremely swole at the gym. Have you noticed this? Everyone is swole right now. Every man alive can look at a menu at a Wetherspoons and find the most protein-heavy meal. We're dressing better than ever. We like interacting with dogs. We look good in suits. And we're improving: we're getting into cooking. We're trying to smell better. We're trying to do better. We're trying to be more aware of things, of other people. We're trying to have emotional reactions that are more complicated than 'shouting at Wayne Rooney'. We're in good shape.

So see you in the future, then, an as-yet unwritten time full of potential, a totally empty space for the modern man to grow into and improve. I'll see you there in 80 years – good at cooking, thousands of loyal dogs surrounding me, smelling like an angel, a professor in equality and marginalised rights – dying on my hoverbed, 108 years old. And I will lean forward to you, extend one digit, and whisper: pull my finger. FHM



Fig. 1

The high-priest of '90s laddism performs his famous 'lager baptism'



Fig. 2

Have you ever actually scored a *Fifa* free kick and meant it?



Fig. 3

Chumbawamba: never really acceptable, let's be honest

DECK OUT YOUR MAN CAVE

Close the curtains, crank up the heat and show the big freeze who's boss



01 JERK IT OUT

Billy Franks is bossing the British beef jerky game with a huge selection of drool-inducing flavours including Cheeseburger, Texan BBQ and, er, Holy Fuck. We'll take them all. *Gourmet jerky, £3.10, billyfranks.co.uk*

02 READ UP

Get your book fix with the most cringe-inducing exchanges from the world's favourite dating app, and a shedload of digital disasters. *Tinder Nightmares, £9.99; Terrible Old Games You've Probably Never Heard Of, £6.99, both amazon.co.uk*

03 SIP IT SLOW

Jack Daniel's Tennessee Fire will feel like someone's taken a blowtorch to your cockles. Feeling flashy? Then splash out on some extra-matured No 27 Gold. *Jack Daniel's Fire, £18, tesco.com. No 27 Gold, £79, thewhiskyexchange.com*

04 BECOME A POSTER BOY

Pin up Rick Hincks' strip-backed prints of classic Premier League goals and Kula Studio's Adidas alphabet print. *Football print, £12, shop.rincks.co.uk. Shoe print, £25, etsy.com*



05 BIG FRY

The Master Pan's sections allow you to rustle up a huge meal with minimum fuss. Meat in the middle, veg on the sides and you at the helm, surveying all that fries before you. *Master Pan, £60, amazon.co.uk*

06 GET COMFY-WOMFY

We like grandads. They're full of interesting stories, have loads of hair up their noses and, most importantly, are always in possession of an ace pair of slippers. Learn from your elders. *Slippers, £60, bedroomathletics.com*

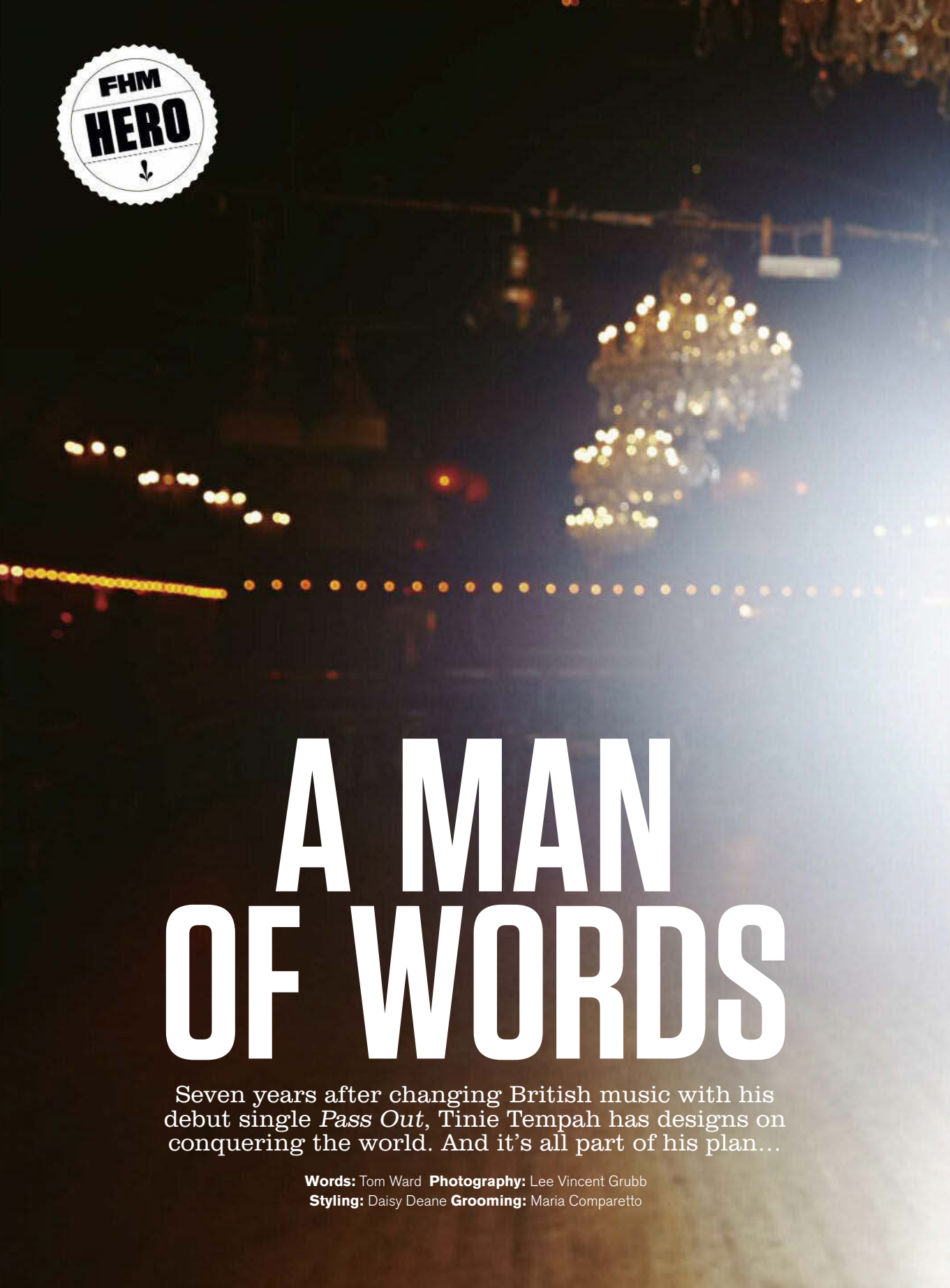
07 SMASH IT LONG

So you've quit your job and settled in for a winter-long hibernation, only to find the bastards have cut off your electricity. The only option? Light a candle and dig into the greatest footy sim ever. *Subbuteo, £21.89, amazon.co.uk*

08 GET SOME GAME

The Wii U finally has some unmissable exclusives on its roster, including *Super Mario Maker* (which lets you design your own levels) and new staple *Mario Kart 8*. *Wii U + Super Mario Maker, £259.99; Mario Kart 8, £32.85, both amazon.co.uk*

PHOTOGRAPHY: MARCO VITTUR



A MAN OF WORDS

Seven years after changing British music with his debut single *Pass Out*, Tinie Tempah has designs on conquering the world. And it's all part of his plan…

Words: Tom Ward **Photography:** Lee Vincent Grubb
Styling: Daisy Deane **Grooming:** Maria Comparetto



An autumn evening in 2001, and 12-year-old Patrick Okogwu has been waiting outside Greenwich District Hospital since school ended three hours ago. Wrapped in his duffel coat, he strains to see through the hospital window, hoping to catch a glimpse of the rap group shooting a music video inside. Exploding over the UK music scene with their single *21 Seconds*, So Solid Crew are the biggest thing to happen to south London since the Blitz.

Finally, there's a flurry of activity. The doors open and a 20-strong blur of bomber jackets, silver chains and box-fresh trainers is ushered towards waiting cars. Patrick approaches. Then, So Solid Crew are gone, leaving him standing in the wet car park of a London hospital. A scrap of paper is clasped in his hand, bearing the scrawled autographs of his heroes. It was a long wait, but worth it.

We know how he felt. Fifteen years later, we're in south London's Rivoli Ballroom, an authentically restored 1950s dancehall with chandeliers, velvet wall fixtures and plush booths. The studio lights are set up. New suits hang in an empty dressing room. An unused typewriter sits at a table. What we're missing, what we could really *do* with, is a hip-hop star. Someone like, say, Tinie Tempah.

A bit of background while we wait: born to Nigerian parents in 1988 and brought up until the age of 12 on London's notoriously rough Aylesbury estate, Tinie (Patrick Chukwuemeka Okogwu on his birth certificate) quickly became obsessed with the music reflecting his urban upbringing. So Solid Crew embodied life in London more than any other group before or since. By the time he was 12, Patrick needed a rap alter-ego. Flicking through a school thesaurus led him to 'Tempah', with 'Tinie' added to soften the sound (because beneath the hip-hop bravado, he's a nice guy, right?). GCSEs and A-levels followed, but by then Tinie's music career was underway. It wasn't long before he'd founded his own label, Disturbing London. Then, in 2009, he signed to Parlophone – and the 92,000-selling debut single *Pass Out*, Brit Awards and an Ivor Novello win followed. Since then, Tinie's soundtracked video games, performed at the Olympic Games closing ceremony, had seven UK number-one singles and put the word 'grime' in your grandma's vocabulary. And he's still only 27.

Lover not a fighter

Back in the ballroom, we're treated to our own flurry of activity as Tinie Tempah enters, speaking quietly into his phone. He's smaller than you'd imagine, dressed in black jeans, T-shirt and bomber jacket. Where other rappers roll up dripping gold jewellery, blasting their own music and brandishing large bottles of Courvoisier, Tinie's flanked by a small, polite and stylishly dressed entourage. He's also followed by a promotional film crew. If Tinie's irritated by the attention, he doesn't let it show – a world away from the early-'00s bravado of So Solid Crew.

"WHEN YOU'RE 12, IT'S A REALLY BIG DEAL TO MEET SOMEONE FAMOUS WHO LIVES JUST DOWN THE ROAD"

"So Solid Crew gave off the superstar vibe, but still felt local and accessible," Tinie says, after a quick change into a designer suit. "When you're 12 and your dream is to be a rapper, it's a really big deal to meet someone as big as the American stars who lives down the road. Now I'm as good or better than my peers. I'm in my own territory."



SUIT AND TOP: HARDY AMIES


FHM
HERO

He's not short of self-confidence. But for someone who makes his living as a man of words, Tinie Tempah doesn't offer much by way of conversation. His answers are thought-out and considered, but he's keeping his cards close to his chest. It's his actions that give the most away. He's flattered to see the lyrics to his latest song *We Don't Play No Games* in our typewriter, and becomes engrossed in one of our props (a 1980s copy of Bret Easton Ellis' *Less Than Zero*), scanning the blurb as he poses.

Written in the stars

Point a camera at him and Tinie Tempah throws his best 'blue steel' right back. He knows how to model clothes. Watching him in the bar after the shoot, a whisky in hand, it's easy to see why he was chosen to become ambassador for London Collections: Men, the twice-yearly fashion week for blokes who like to look good. It's a serious role that expands Tinie's brand outside of hip-hop and sees him working alongside big names from TV (both Dermot O'Leary and Nick Grimshaw are partial to a sharp get-up). And it's testament to Tinie that he's equally at home on Savile Row as in the recording studio.

As far as UK rappers go, Tinie Tempah's infiltration of the mainstream has been phenomenal, but he's been prepared for it from the start. "I worked hard – it wasn't a sudden rise. If that level of success happens when you're 16, you're more likely to go off the rails. At 21 you're a little bit more mature."

It's easy to play it cool, but every artist has that story about hearing their music played in public for the first time and knowing they were on the way to 'making it'. "It was on the radio in Sainsbury's. I was living at my mum's and I remember thinking, 'Oh my goodness, this song's on actual radio, not just pirate radio!'"

Not only has Tinie soundtracked the local fruit and veg aisle, he's kept grinding ever since. His third album is due later this year and he's just released an EP, *Junk Food*, about our appetite for things we know we should avoid.

In terms of his own indulgences he's partial to a Shake Shack burger, with a vanilla milkshake on the side. The best place to enjoy it is in front of a Will Ferrell film (*Talladega Nights* gets the thumbs up, but *Anchorman 2* was a step too far – "The first *Anchorman* was a classic. They should have left it but they wanted that crazy cheque.").

But crazy cheques aren't something you'll find Tinie rapping about. One of his biggest extravagances was the car he purchased when he officially became a pop star. "The first thing I bought when I got money was a Mercedes-Benz E350. I bought it outright so I could drive it out of

"I TRY TO TALK FROM THE PERSPECTIVE OF SOMEONE WHO'S NEVER HAD THOSE THINGS BEFORE"

the parking lot. I heard someone rap about doing that and thought, 'I want to know how it feels to drive a new car off a forecourt.'"

Instead, Tinie's known as the guy who writes about high-street stores over designer outlets ("Her dress from All Saints, but I think I've found a sinner") television shopping channels ("And she stay up all hours watching QVC") and having so many clothes he has to keep them at his aunt's house.

"My raps are about my reality – what I can see when I look out of the window," he says. "I always thought a lot of rappers were trying to emulate something that wasn't real in their lives – something that their audience couldn't relate to. I try to speak the truth. If I'm driving past the bus I used to run for, that's what I'm going to talk about."

Not letting go

There's a risk of 'doing a Jay Z' and becoming so successful that your audience no longer empathise with the life you're living. "I think it's fine to try to elevate yourself," Tinie says. "My raps now are a bit fancy but I try my best to talk from the perspective of someone who's never had those things before."

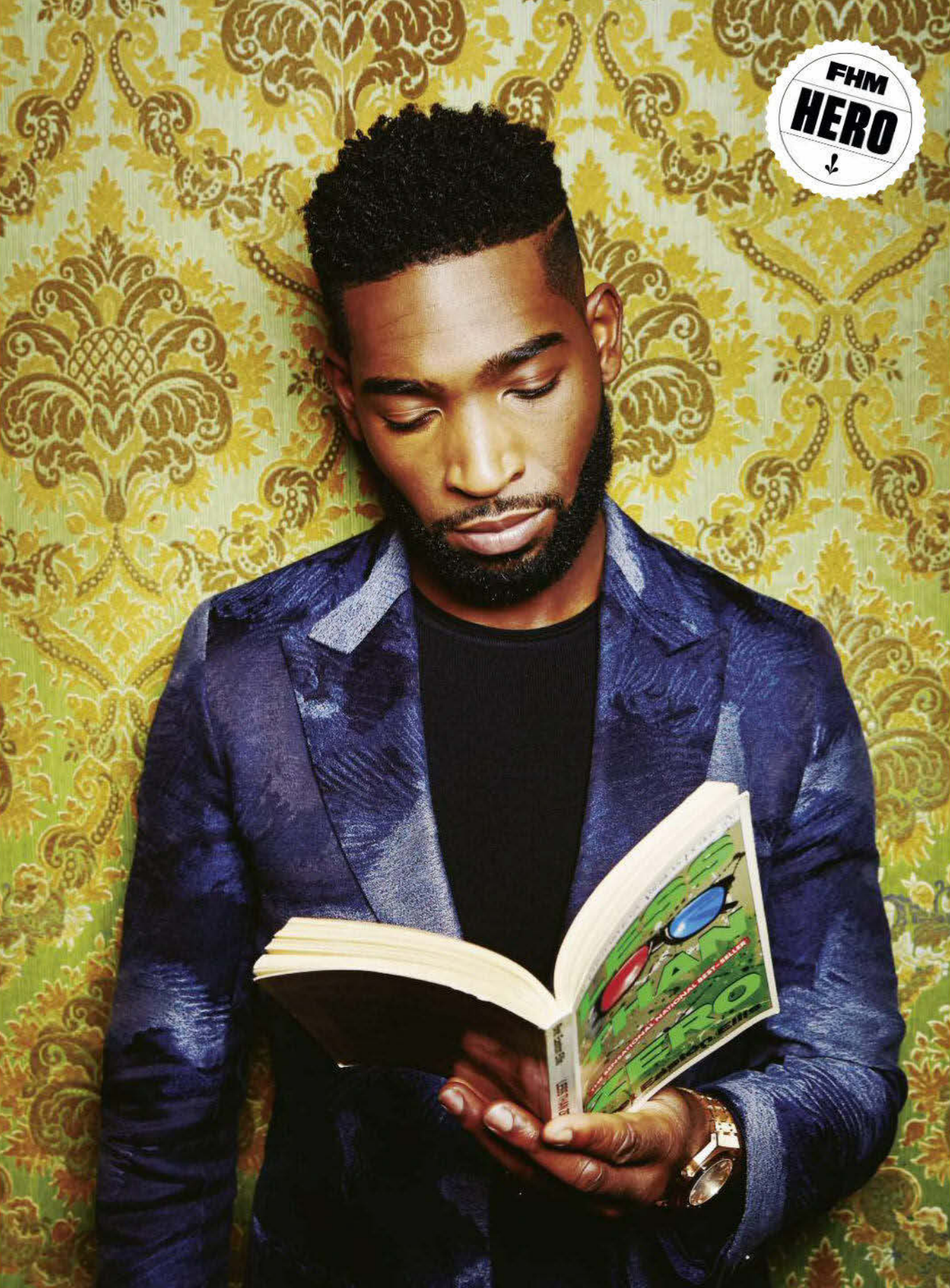
Like most British acts, part of this self-elevation is the desire to crack America, something Tinie's made strides towards after collaborations with Wiz Khalifa and 2 Chainz ("Wiz smokes even more weed than you'd think," Tinie says as an aside. "I've never seen someone consume that amount and still get the job done.").

"American rappers were the first people I saw not writing their lyrics down," he says. "They just think of them line by line then go into the booth and record a song a line at a time. They're quietly confident."

And they're not the only ones. Without question, Tinie Tempah's captured the Saturday night *X Factor* crowd, the vodka-swilling student set and your cool younger cousins – meaning he's ready to become even more inescapable over the next few years.

Just not right now though, as our time with him is coming to an end. Tinie has another engagement, and after that will put in a shift at his studio. This is a man in demand, an ambitious man with a decade-year plan to get on with. "In 10 years' time I'll be CEO of a fully self-sufficient creative company. I'll check what everyone's doing, then I'll drive back to my farm in my classic car. I'll have a nice spread of land somewhere. Animals and a few kids. That's all I want, really."

If his rise so far is anything to go by, we don't doubt he'll get it. It turns out waiting for So Solid Crew was worth it after all. FHM


FHM
HERO

GARAGE COCKTAILS

It's 10pm, and your house party is in full flow. But there's a problem – it's becoming abundantly clear that your promise of free beer all night may have been slightly optimistic.

You dash into your garage in search of some forgotten crate, but all you can find is a rogue's gallery of dusty cast-offs. Bottles won at various raffles and lucky dips; cheap, luminescent alcopops and mysterious foreign liqueurs gifted by your well-meaning nan. It will have to do. But now you need to produce something classy. Luckily for you, the guys at The Woods in east London are here to shake up your castaway cabinet and turn you into a makeshift mixologist…

PHOTOGRAPHY: MARCO VITTUR



WKD LAGOON

25ml Absolut Berri Acai vodka
25ml Chambord liqueur
37ml cranberry juice
12ml lemon juice
WKD Blue
Lemon slices, to garnish

"Mix the Absolut, Chambord, cranberry juice and lemon juice with cubed ice and strain into a glass. Top it with more ice, then layer the WKD Blue over the top using a spoon. Garnish with lemon slices."



BREAKFAST DRAM

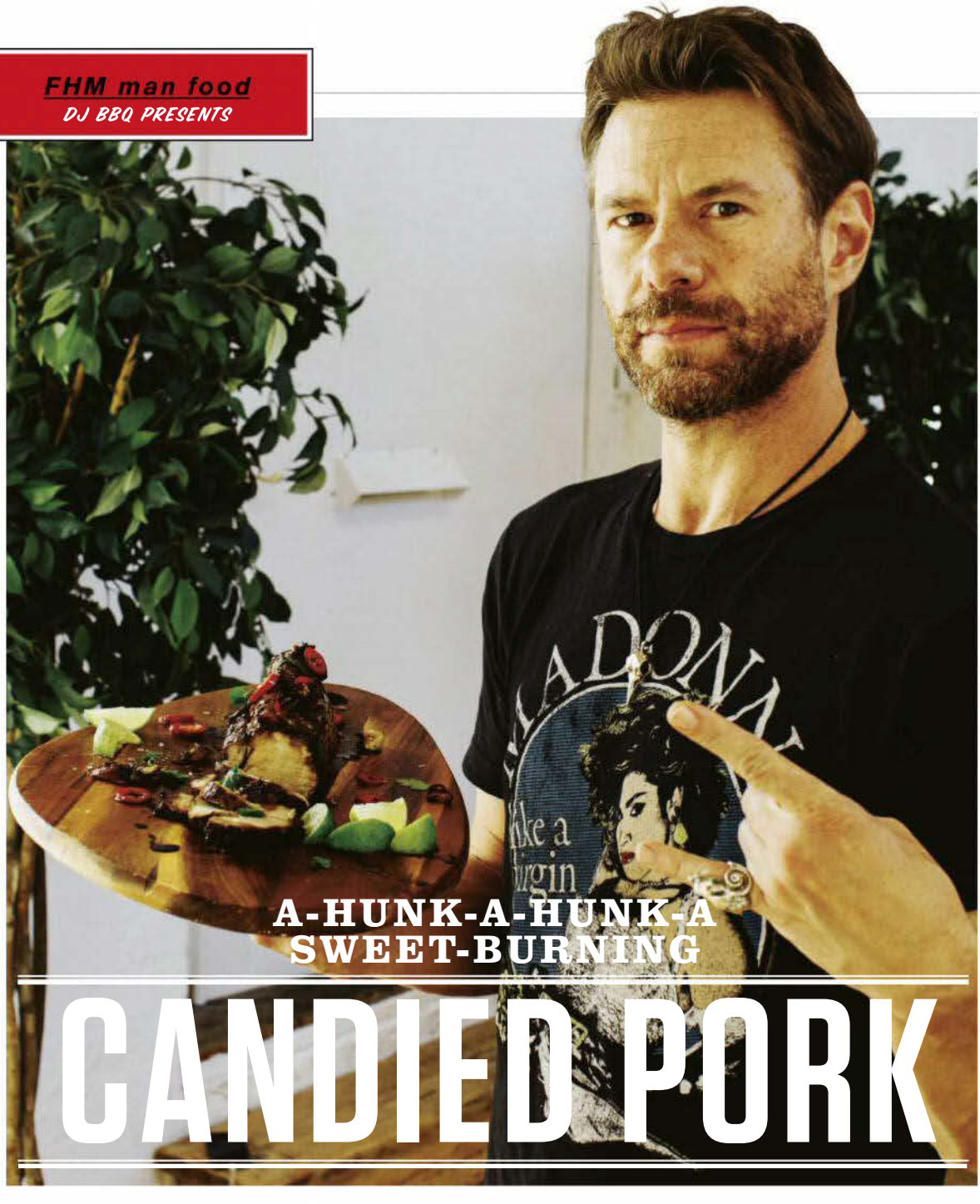
50ml Drambuie
12ml honey syrup
25ml lemon juice
25ml orange juice
1 tbsp fine-cut marmalade
Orange slices, to garnish

"Shake the ingredients together and serve, then decorate with orange slices."

EGG CUSTARD MARTINI

25ml Wild Turkey Honey liqueur
37ml Advocaat
12ml vanilla syrup
12ml milk
2 milk biscuits
Nutmeg, to garnish

"Mix the Wild Turkey, Advocaat, syrup and milk with cubed ice. Coat the rim of a glass with crushed biscuits, then pour. Garnish with grated nutmeg."



A-HUNK-A-HUNK-A SWEET-BURNING

CANDIED PORK

PHOTOGRAPHY: JAMES BYRNE

DJ BBQ SAYS...

"Dating in Britain is tricky. Fact is, American towns are specifically designed to encourage PDAs. From make-out creeks, to drive-in movies, to sexually charged line-dancing evenings – you name it, we're sucking face because of it. But you guys? You have to make do with trolly-infested canals, squelchy cinemas and old-man pubs. Even if you do find a scenic spot outside, the weather will screw you over – because it doesn't matter how fly you are, it's damn near impossible to sweet-talk a sexy señorita with a frozen booger dangling from your nose.

"Want my advice? Well, listen closely, because here's DJ BBQ's patented date-night nailer: invite your lady friend around to Casa Del You, stick your smoothest Spotify playlist on shuffle, and serve up this life-changin', lip-tremblin', goosepimple-inducin' candied pork fillet."

THE RECIPE

Preparation time
50 mins

Ingredients
Olive oil
125ml low-salt soy sauce
4 tbsp dark brown sugar
4 cloves of garlic, bashed and peeled
500g pork fillet
2 red chillies

For the salsa
1 small red onion
2 plum tomatoes
½ lime, juiced
A pinch of coriander
Sea salt

01

A good candied pork fillet is all about the flavour. Make a marinade by putting a couple of slugs of olive oil and soy sauce into a bowl. Stir in the brown sugar until it dissolves, then chuck in the garlic cloves and pork. Cover with clingfilm and marinate in the fridge for at least two hours.





02

Remove your pork from the fridge, shake off any excess marinade and allow it to come back to room temperature. Sear it in a dry, heavy-based frying pan until nicely coloured, then cook in the oven at 180°C for 30 minutes.





03

Make the salsa while you're waiting for the meat to cook. Dice the red onion into small cubes and repeat with the plum tomatoes. Squeeze the lime out, then add the chopped coriander and sea salt to taste.





04

Remove the pork from the tray so it stays juicy. Slice some red chillies, and scatter on top of the meat. Slice, marvel and enjoy.

The bloke test

This month's challenger...

MATT KING

Has *Peep Show*'s Super Hans got the stomach for the manliest test on Earth?



01 What do you have on your toast?
Mashed avocado with a sprinkle of chilli and a squirt of lemon juice. This bloke test is destined to go terribly.
Not bloke ✗

02 Have you ever stared someone out?
My six-year-old daughter. She went for a good 10 minutes, but I'm the daddy.
Bloke ✓

03 What's the biggest thing you've set fire to?
A forest. I went camping with my missus in the Aussie outback at the hottest time of year. I nailed a mosquito coil to a nearby tree and forgot to put it out over night. I was woken up by screams and the sight of four trees on fire. The landowners put it out – they found it hilarious.
Bloke ✓

04 Have you ever twerked?
Nope. I've been twerked upon, and it was not pleasant.
Bloke ✓

05 Have you ever rescued an animal?
I found a dog running around in the road and returned it to its owner. She opened the door, yanked the dog in and never thanked me. I wish I'd fucking kept it.
Bloke ✓

06 How much did you pay for your last haircut?
£38. My hair is one of the only things I've got left. They give you a nice jasmine tea and a Jack Russell called Binky sits on your lap.
Not bloke ✗

07 Have you ever taken a girl on a date using a discount voucher?
No, that's incredibly inappropriate. The woman should pay for everything on a date. That's my only rule.
Bloke ✓

08 Have you ever thought, however briefly, that you might be Jesus?
No, because he doesn't exist. I'm the devil, so just fucking leave it.
Bloke ✓

09 Have you ever shotgunned a beer?
Yes, when I was 13. It got me my first snog. I was at a party with a skinhead girl who I really fancied. She had a cool scar on her face – a real fractured beauty to her. She asked me to shotgun a beer, then grabbed me. It was the greatest night of my life.
Bloke ✓

10 Have you ever wet your adult pants?
No. I've got very good bladder control, even when I'm unconscious.
Bloke ✓

11 Do you iron your socks or underwear?
Neither, and anyone who does is a mentalist.
Bloke ✓

12 How many seconds can you leave food on the floor before you can't eat it?
In the kitchen? Thousands of hours. Dropping food in the street? Zero seconds. That's game over.
Not bloke ✗

13 What's the last film you saw that scared the crap out of you?
It Follows. It's a truly chilling, trippy, dream-like film.
Bloke ✓

14 What toppings do you have on pizza?
I can't stand it. A wet thing on top of a dry thing? Depressing.
Not bloke ✗

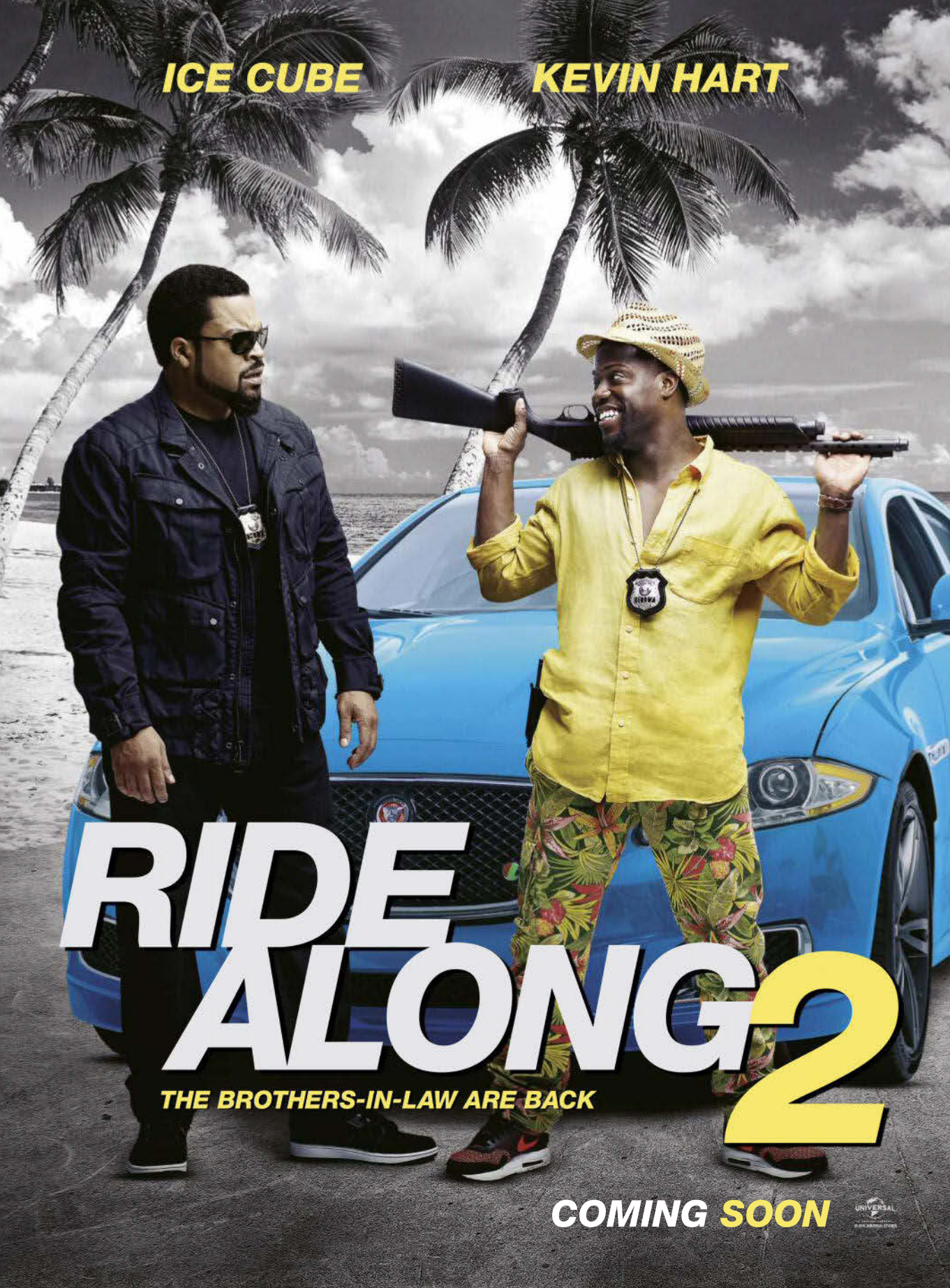
15 Have you ever cried when people from broken homes sing on *The X Factor*?
You know when you think they're about to be sent home, but then the music swells and they're through after all? Sobbing, mate.
Bloke ✓

11/15

You're on the brink of total blokedom, Matt – but any man who has a problem with pizza is a problem for us.

Matt King is working with homeless charity Glass Door to provide meals and shelter this winter. Donate online at pledgit.net

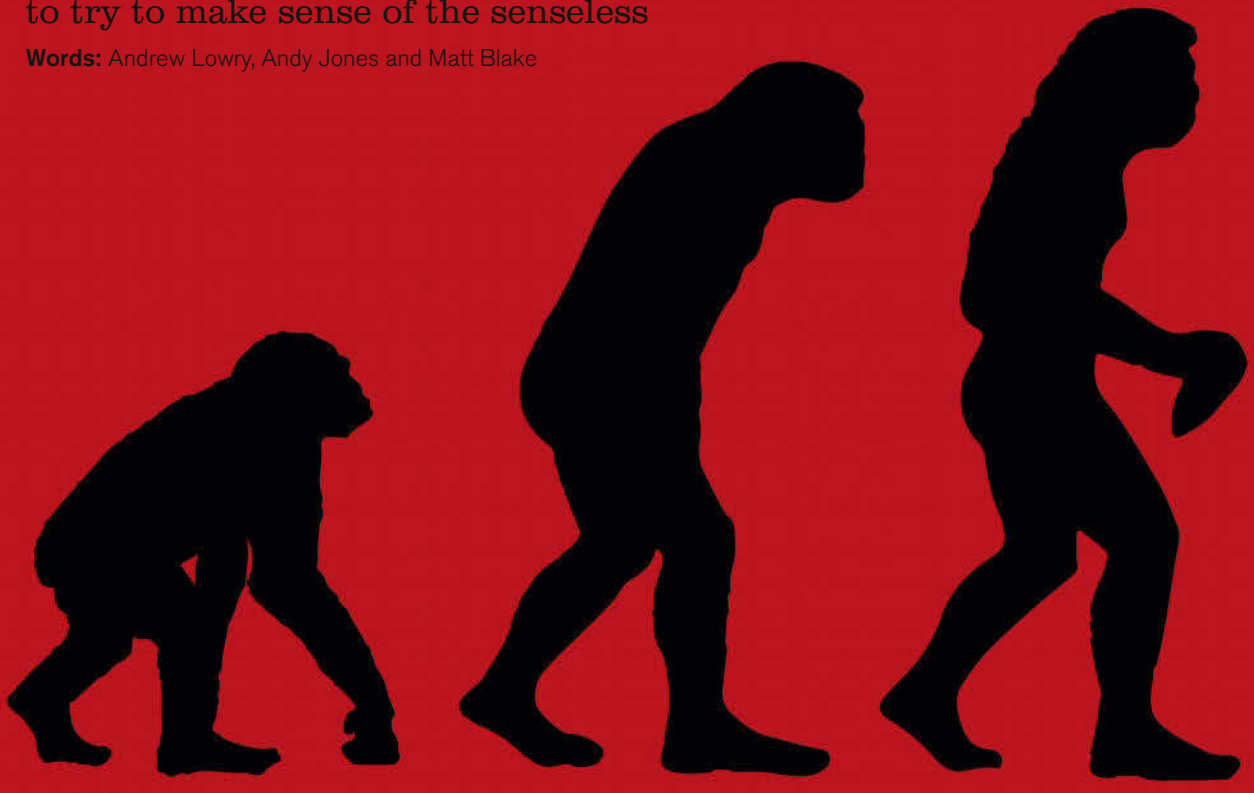
PHOTOGRAPHY: OBJECTIVE PRODUCTIONS


ICE CUBE
KEVIN HART
RIDE ALONG 2
THE BROTHERS-IN-LAW ARE BACK
COMING SOON
UNIVERSAL

THE EVOL TER

Over the past 20 years, terrorism has changed beyond recognition. *FHM* speaks to six victims of six different attacks, as well as Raffaello Pantucci, director of international security studies at the Royal United Services Institute, to try to make sense of the senseless

Words: Andrew Lowry, Andy Jones and Matt Blake



UTION OF ROR



OMAGH

Northern Ireland



When the Real IRA detonated a car bomb on a busy shopping street in Omagh, **Michael Gallagher** lost his 21-year-old son Aiden

When: 15 August 1998
Death toll: 29 (and two unborn babies)
Number of attackers: Unknown
Method: Car bomb

My family had already been touched by the Troubles. My house was destroyed in 1972 and my younger brother was assassinated by the IRA in 1984 for being in the Ulster Defence Regiment. But the Omagh bombing was so shocking because it came at a time of greater optimism in Northern Ireland, with the Good Friday Agreement recently signed and a feeling in the air that the future was going to be different.

It was a Saturday in August. I had been working in the car repair shop I ran with my son Aiden. I popped home for lunch and to see if he was up. He said he was off to town to buy some jeans. I remember him saying that he wouldn't be long – that was the last thing he said to me. He never came back.

I remember feeling the blast, and the windows shaking. Then the nightmare began – the whole town was in shock, and it was eerily quiet for days. There were 29 deaths, with some from the same families, and two unborn children. We would ask ourselves, "Why now? Why Omagh?" We're still asking ourselves today.

I was almost scared to feel angry. Events like this generate an energy in you, but anger isn't productive. I used the energy to help set up the Omagh Support And Self Help Group, which has evolved into a organisation for victims of terrorist attacks.

I've worked very hard to get the men responsible. The government was wary of destabilising the peace process, so there was little political will to prosecute. The families grew tired of it, and eventually we brought a civil case against five men – four of who the judge found responsible for the bombing.

Only one man, Seamus Daly, has ever faced criminal charges. The man who stole the car the bomb was in was arrested and let go, despite the fact he clearly knew who ordered it, and who he handed the car over to.

It's very difficult, knowing who killed my son but not seeing them face justice. But our campaign continues. *omaghbomb.co.uk*

Raffaello Pantucci, director of international security studies, Royal United Services Institute



"Omagh was the last big attack of the Troubles, and felt anachronistic even then. Everything about it was old fashioned – from it being a car bomb to the fact there was a warning.

"The goal of many bombs in Northern Ireland was disruption rather than murder, so the high number of casualties was a result of confused warnings. It wouldn't be long before Western terrorism like this was discredited by wider events. The war on terror meant what credibility they had in some eyes evaporated."

PHOTOGRAPHY: GETTY IMAGES, PA PHOTOS, WNS

9/11

New York



Paul Berriff, 69, from Leeds, was standing beneath the World Trade Center's South Tower when it collapsed after al-Qaeda flew a plane into it

When: 11 September 2001
Death toll: 2,977
Number of attackers: 19
Method: Plane hijackings

I was producing a TV series for the Discovery Channel in New York. It was about animal protection police. We'd had a good few weeks and were about to go and film the arrest of a woman who'd been abusing her dog. But when we heard about a plane crashing into one of the towers, my journalistic instincts kicked in.

I assumed it was a small aircraft. But as we drove towards the smoke, it was clearly a major incident. The second plane had hit while we were on our way. Drawing closer, we noticed these black dots appearing and falling from the building. They were people jumping. So many were fleeing southern Manhattan that we couldn't drive any more, so we ditched our Jeep and continued on foot.

We were filming the fire department's command and control post when there was a loud explosion. We'd got about 100 yards from the bottom of the South Tower and I swung round and pointed my camera at the top of the building. It was coming down. It was so tall it took a while for it to fall, which gave me a false sense of security – I was filming for five or six seconds before I realised I had to get out of there.

The collapsing building was fanning out above me like a big umbrella. The noise was deafening. We didn't even have time to be scared, we just ran. Everything went black.

The next thing I remember is crawling through debris. I'd been unconscious for about 30 minutes and my mouth and nose were full of gunge. I couldn't breathe. I felt the leg of a fireman and asked if I could use his respirator. When I realised he was dead, I used his air, which probably saved my life.

I can only describe the sight as apocalyptic. Everything was on fire: buildings, police cars, fire engines, the ground. And it was eerily deserted. There were only five or six people who survived in the area we were in.

Death was random. It simply depended on which direction you happened to run. Coming that close to death has given me a new appreciation for life. Dealing with things like the bank manager definitely seems a lot easier now.

Pantucci: "9/11 was unprecedented in scale, 'success' and method. It was a turning point – it served as a climax to a series of attacks through the '90s and became a major recruiting sergeant for al-Qaeda. After that, everyone knew who Osama Bin Laden was, a wave of attacks followed, and Iraq and Afghanistan were invaded.

"Did they expect this reaction? I think it was more a show of strength and attacking the West rather than a deliberate attempt to provoke more than one war. They couldn't have predicted it – that gives them too much credit."



7/7
London

Jacqui Putnam, 65, from Hartford, was on her way to work when four Islamist extremists blew themselves up on the Underground and a London bus

When: 7 July 2005
Death toll: 52
Number of attackers: 4
Method: Suicide bombings

The tube train was pulling out of Edgware Road station when I heard a noise like a firework. That was instantly followed by a flash, and tiny shards of glass flying through the air like they'd been shot from a gun. For a split second, I thought it was beautiful.

The pressure wave was so powerful it broke one of my teeth. It went dark, and the carriage was full of thick, greasy smoke that was almost liquid. It was impossible to breathe. I thought I'd never breathe again. Then I heard the screams.

They weren't Hollywood screams. They were deep and raw – worse than you can imagine. Not long after, they fell silent, which was worse. Eventually, someone managed to kick the doors out and we walked through the tunnel.

I remember worrying about how I'd get out without a ticket. I couldn't even remember how to use my phone. I was so dirty I looked like a cartoon when something blows up in their face – covered in soot.

Different people process trauma in different ways. With post-traumatic stress disorder, the flashbacks interact with the fight-or-flight response in your brain. You feel you're back there. Every cell in your body tells you to save yourself. It's imperative and terrifying. It's your brain's way of making dying easier, like a dream.

I was eventually able to cope with it via cognitive behavioural therapy. You learn how to recognise the ups and downs, the rollercoaster you're on, but it's still very disruptive. People are still ill at ease talking about mental health in this country.

I don't feel angry at the men who did it – I feel sorry for them. I don't believe they've gone to the afterlife they expected. I've gone on to see it as a great gift that I'm still here. Now I work with the Red Cross and the Tim Parry Johnathan Ball Foundation For Peace. It's a way of redressing the balance – I'm not interested in the politics, but I want to be part of the peace. *foundation4peace.org*

Pantucci: "Terrorist groups like public transport for a number of reasons. It has economic ramifications, it's accessible, and it's used by ordinary people in ordinary situations, making the terror impact all the more menacing.

"This was the UK's first homegrown jihadi attack – a lot of people had thought that radical Islam was a foreign problem. There had been attempts before – the shoe bomber Richard Reid is from Bromley, and he made his attempt not long after 9/11.

"This time, there was a degree of complacency in the security services, though it was possible to see this coming – and it's a problem we still face today. This sense of complacency has definitely changed."



NAIROBI

Kenya

Simon Belcher, 51, was on his way to the cinema when Somali Islamist group al-Shabaab sent a group of gunmen into the popular Westgate shopping mall

When: 21 September 2013
Death toll: 63
Number of attackers: 4
Method: Group of shooters

I run a safari business in Kenya with my wife Amanda. We had a day off and were going to the cinema in the mall to meet a few friends – luckily, they were late.
We were on the rooftop car park when the first shots rang out. The Indian community often set off firecrackers for celebrations, so we thought it was that. Then people started coming out of the doors, screaming.
I looked around the car park and realised it wasn't a good place to stay. We should have found somewhere to hide inside the mall, but there was no time. I ended up diving under a Land Rover for cover, and my wife went under a Toyota next to it.
Then the gunmen came on to the roof. One started to throw grenades, and I was hit by shrapnel in the leg – I still have a thumbnail-sized chunk in my liver from the blast.
They went back into the mall for a bit but soon came back – I couldn't work out why. That's when they saw me – one of the gunmen pointed at me, and another guy shot me. The bullet went through the car, then through my ribs and through my arm.
It might surprise you, but there was no fear. It didn't even hurt – the adrenaline meant that it felt more like a hard thump. That's when one of the men crouched down and looked me straight in the eye.
I'll never forget that gunman's eyes. They were completely dead, like the eyes of a snake. That moment haunts me most, more than any injury.
Not long after that, they left. I think their energy was falling. Some private security guys came and got us – which was lucky, because I really needed to get to hospital.
In a way, it was Amanda who saved my life by refusing to leave. She's such a stubborn woman – she wasn't going to let a bunch of fucking terrorists kill me. Sharing such a traumatic experience has brought us closer.
Life seems brighter, more valuable than before. You can't go through something like that and not be changed forever.

Pantucci: "Nairobi was one of a new wave of terror attacks: instead of spectacular and sophisticated plots that cost a fortune and required years of work and training, you could shock the world with just a few AK-47s and some guys to fire them.

"Ever since the Mumbai attacks in November 2008, terrorist groups have tried to emulate them, and that's what al-Shabaab were doing here. It was a mix of domestic support and conscious blowback for Kenya's intervention in Somalia – the lines were further blurred between cross-border and homegrown plots. International and domestic terrorism are becoming the same thing, not two entities."



SOUSSE

Tunisia

Matthew James, 30, from Pontypridd, was sunbathing with his partner when an Isis-inspired gunman killed 38 people in the Tunisian resort Port El Kantaoui

When: 15 August 2015
Death toll: 38
Number of attackers: 1
Method: Lone-wolf gunman

My fiancée Saera and I hadn't been away together for a proper holiday for three years. We couldn't decide between Egypt and Tunisia so we tossed a coin. That's how we ended up in Sousse.

Another 10 minutes and we'd have missed it all. We went down to the beach at around 11.30am. It was packed with tourists but I spotted two sun loungers at the end of the beach that were vacant. There was a lot going on – jet skis and banana boat rides, people playing volleyball, locals trying to sell scarves and jewellery to tourists.

Minutes later, we heard some loud bangs. At first it didn't register with us what was happening. Then suddenly, this man was pointing a gun directly at Saera.

Instinct took over and I flung myself over her. That's when I heard a burst of gunshots and realised this wasn't a game – there was someone shooting real bullets and murdering people. It was terrifying.

I felt a pain in my stomach. I looked down and saw I was covered in blood; I'd just been ripped open by a bullet. Trying to stay calm, I told Saera to run and save herself. I told her to tell the kids I loved them but she had to go – they needed one of us to live.

I could still see the gunman. He was going from sun lounger to sun lounger, lifting each one up with his foot and firing at the people hiding underneath. Finally, I managed to escape to a nearby hotel and was eventually taken to hospital.

I now tell people there's no one luckier than me. There aren't many people who can say they've gone through trauma like that and come out of it as well as I have. I'm the luckiest unlucky person on the planet – I really thought I was going to die on the beach that day.

The bullet was millimetres from hitting my internal organs. I still have pain in my groin – like a constant electric shock. But even if I have to put up with it for the rest of my life, it's better than being in a body bag.

Pantucci: "Tunisia was just one man – what people call a lone-wolf attack. It's now not even about sending people to attack – the approach taken by Isis is to inspire or instigate people to do what they can with what they have to hand. They're not a remote, hierarchical group like al-Qaeda – we have seen a democratisation of the jihadi movement, and Isis have built a tangible quasi-state based on holding territory.

"The ease with which their message is getting out there is really shifting the paradigm, from these big complex networked plots to this much more diffused problem, which is harder to counter. This has attracted people from a much broader base, and is a radical new development."



PARIS

France

Mark Colclough, 43, a duel British-Danish citizen, was in Paris for a conference when Isis gunmen attacked six targets across the city, including a café

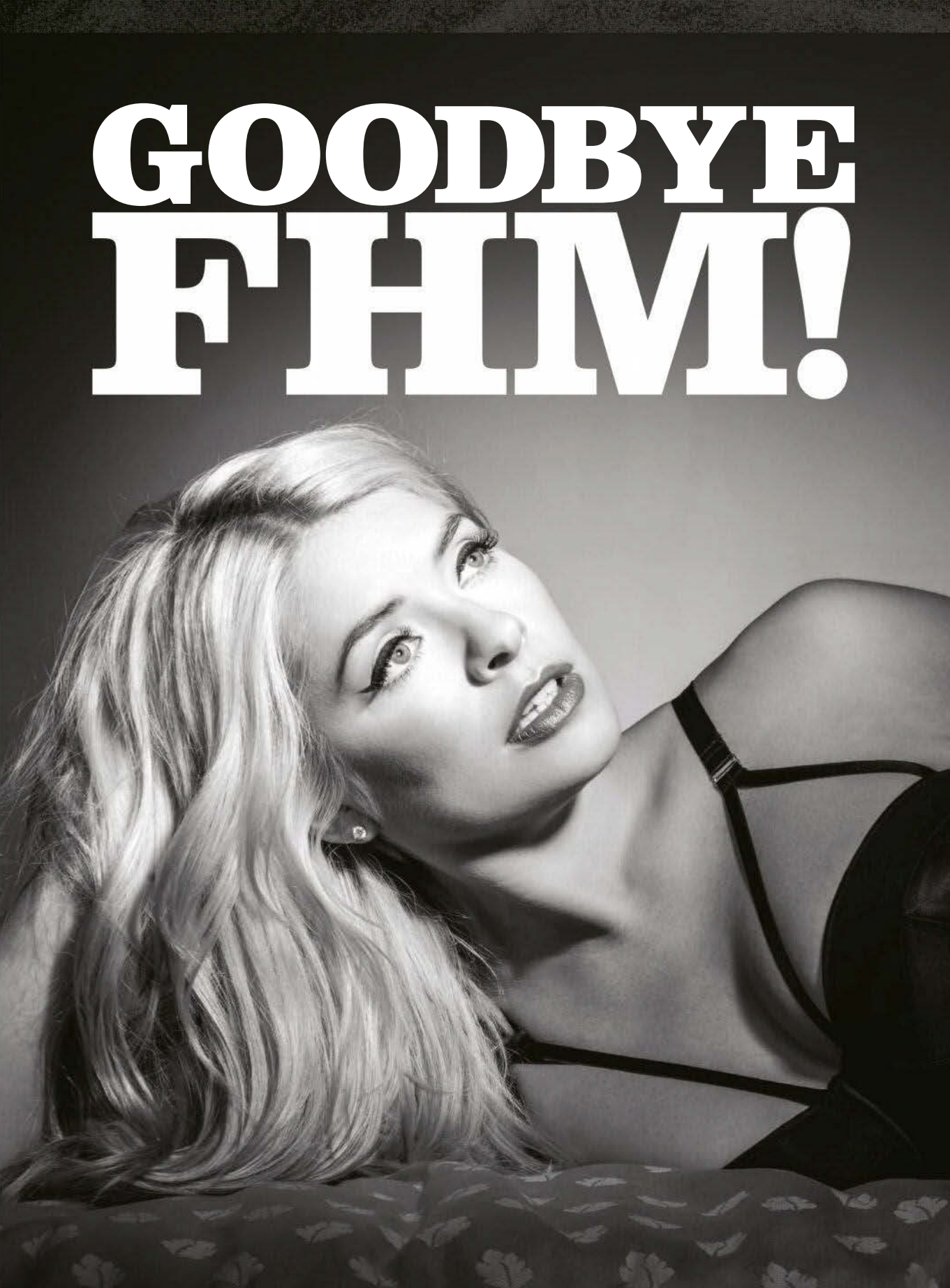
When: 13 November 2015
Deaths: 130
Number of attackers: 9
Method: Shootings, suicide bombings

I thought it was a firecracker at first. I looked ahead of me and saw a gunman standing outside the Café Bon Bière 20 yards away. He'd just shot through a window, missing his first victim. Then he shot three victims quickly – at point-blank range, from no more than five yards. He fired at a passing car, and I could see the window break and the driver's body slump. The killer then turned 90 degrees and walked in through the corner door of the café. **The gunman was muscular, all in black and well trained.** The way he was holding his weapon told me he had military experience. It was like watching a surgeon work. He was disciplined – shoot, look, shoot, look. **My friend and I sought cover between parked cars.** After the shooting, I listened for an escape vehicle or heavy boots leaving. Silence. We went to the café to see if we could help. Two people were slumped across each other. Another guy in the café had been shot in the torso, falling to his knees as he came out. From then on, I have no recollection of noise or sound. I could have been screaming myself. Only 100m away, we saw two rubbish collectors. The drivers had headphones on and were oblivious. **The police arrived within minutes.** They moved us back into the café for safety. I'll never forget the dead bodies inside. Later, my friend did something children do when they face trauma – he fell sound asleep. It's a way of shutting the body down from harm. **The biggest flashback I have is of the gunfire.** One of the nightmares I have is incredibly lucid, like I'm awake. I can see someone ahead of us and I shout, "There are burglars in the house!" I turn around again and the gunman from Paris is shooting me point-blank in the head. I wake up and I'm at the other side of the bed in complete panic. **Terrorists want civilisation to implode, but they will always be denied.** So many people – men, women, Asian, black, white – all ran back towards the café. The bartender came out, covered in blood, carrying drinks for people in the street. They will never defeat the power of the human spirit.

Pantucci: "This is another escalation – bringing an attack on the template of Mumbai to a Western city in front of the world's media. From what we know, the attackers were French nationals, so the security services should know who they are, and it's a huge failure if they don't.

"The French were likely overwhelmed – if there are 4,000 people of concern, you can only really focus on 200 or so. It's hard to distinguish imminent plots from noise. Attacks like these have been expected in Western cities for some time and sadly, this time, they slipped the net."

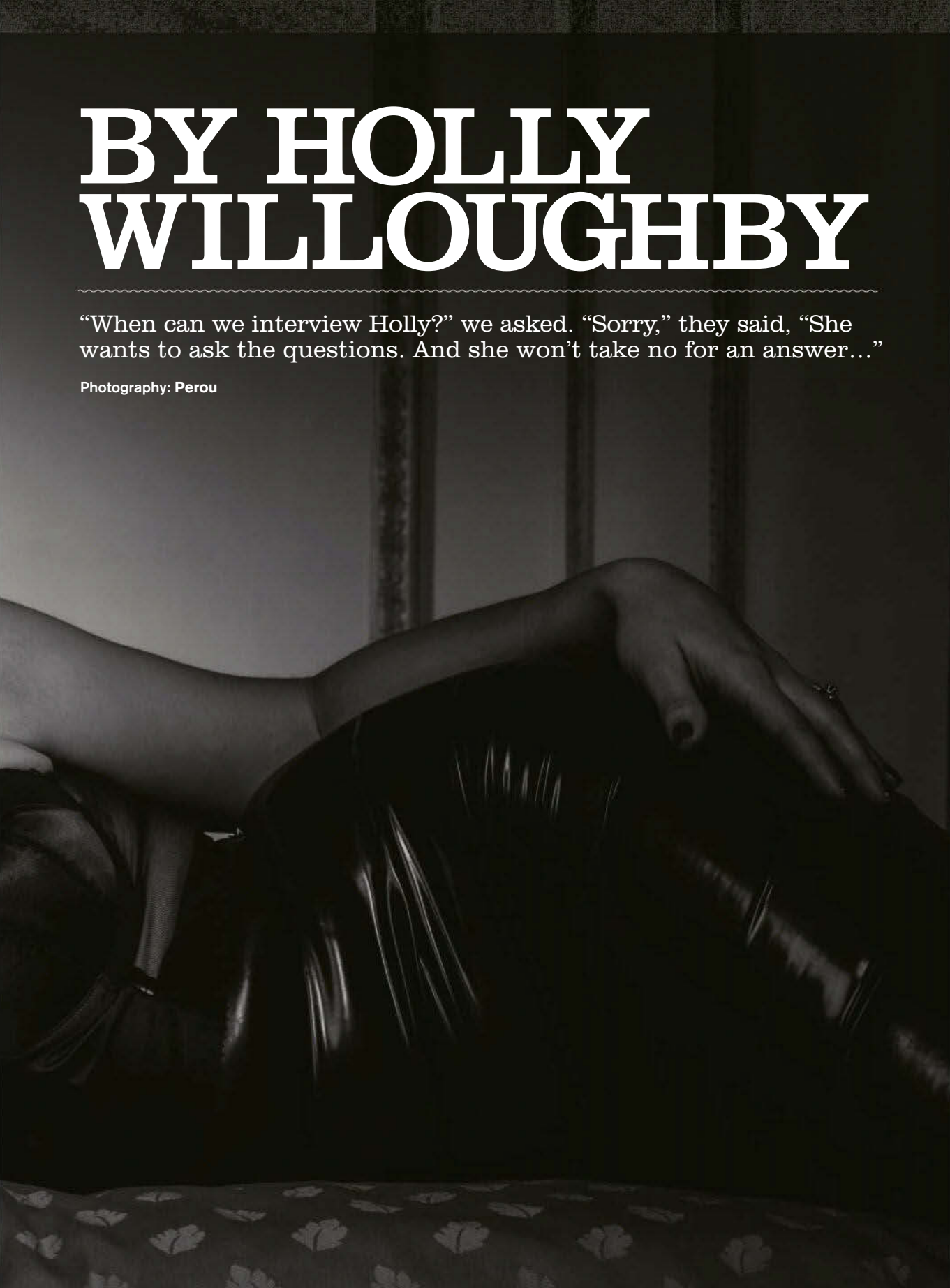
GOODBYE FHM!



BY HOLLY WILLOUGHBY

"When can we interview Holly?" we asked. "Sorry," they said, "She wants to ask the questions. And she won't take no for an answer…"

Photography: **Perou**





Well, hello *FHM*, or as I like to call you, 'For Holly Magazine'. This is it – the big farewell. It feels as though I'm breaking up with someone who I once loved and we've just become friends. It's time to say bye.

I wanted to interview you for all those lads and lasses (OK, mostly lads) you've guided for the past 31 years. They don't want to hear from me, they want to hear from someone they trust – someone who has steered them through spot-picking, nightclub-going, adolescent struggles. That's you. So here goes... it's question time.

Some of your 'health' pictures were gross. But you found a 'unique' way of getting men talking about it. What was your finest moment?
Before the internet, *FHM* was one of the only places men could go for answers about 'sensitive' health matters like penis size, baldness and obesity. It usually led to a parade of blokes in the magazine with their bits and pieces out. Seriously, we all worry about whether we're normal – our job has always been to show our readers that there's *always* someone weirder then them. Usually living in America.

Who was the cover girl that got away?
There's two: Angelina Jolie and Helen Mirren. We wouldn't insist on a *Tomb Raider* or Queen Liz outfit, but you know, if they ever did say yes we hope they wouldn't mind.

You've interviewed a lot of famous people...
Yeah, we did talk to the Chuckle Brothers...

No, *really* famous people. Which megastar was the most


“We’ve always shown readers there’s someone weirder out there”


“All women are beautiful. We love you, ladies!”

demanding over the years?
We once had a shoot with an A-list American singer/actress. We hired a mansion for it – at a cost of £10,000 – and when she arrived, she insisted we repaint it as she didn't like the colour. We also had to buy the same lady a Jag – yes, a Jag! – to get her to do another shoot, but she moaned about paying the delivery cost. Then there was the British winner of the 100 Sexiest award who refused to acknowledge it and did some promo for her sponsors just to deflect attention away from us. Talk about ungrateful.

This is great. Any more stories to tell?
In the early 2000s we heard the 'most beautiful woman in the world' was staying at an unknown hotel in London. We knew the false name she was booked in under, so we sent out the work experience to ask around until we found her. We then showered her with bags full of tech, make-up and designer clothing, and she finally agreed to do a shoot with us. What else? We sent one of our favourite ladies on a seven-day five-star safari in Africa. We thought she'd love it, but she found cockroaches in her room on the first night and begged to go home. To get her to stay we had to buy her a satellite phone so she could phone her boyfriend.

You've celebrated the female form over the years. What would *FHM* say to women with body confidence issues?
All women are beautiful – and we're here to make them feel good. If you've seen the state of the male staff here, you'd see we're in no position to make judgements. There's no shaming of women in *FHM*, just unadulterated devotion to the better half of the human species. We love you, ladies!

STYLING: SINEAD MCKEEFRY ASSISTED BY JESSICA MCCABE. HAIR: CILER PEKSAH AT NEVILLE HAIR AND BEAUTY USING L'ORÉAL. MAKE-UP: PATSY O'NEILL USING CHARLOTTE TILBURY AND THIS WORKS. (OPENING PAGE) BRA: TOPSHOP. SKIRT: CODO DE MER. (PREVIOUS PAGE) SKIRT: CODO DE MER. POLO NECK: TOPSHOP. GLOVES: CORNELIA JAMES. SHOES: CHRISTIAN LOUBOUTIN. (THIS PAGE) NIGHTWEAR: MARKS & SPENCER. DRESS: ALEXANDER MCQUEEN





“Here lies FHM, a funny positive force for men”

There’ve been many calls to have you taken off the shelves. If you don’t like something, does that give you the right to ban it?
No. If it did, Bounty bars would be long gone. And liver.
How would you like to be remembered? What would it say on your gravestone?
“Here lies *FHM*, a funny, positive force for men, inspiring them to get the best out of life.” Then some Latin written underneath.
Bear with me on this – it’s your funeral. Who’s making the speeches?
You, obviously – we’ll probably need you to cry a bit, too. We’d also want Noel and Liam Gallagher to get together for this sad occasion, Tom Hardy to keep the ladies happy and Shia LaBeouf to start the inevitable fight in the church car park.
Every funeral has a DJ, right? What he’s playing at yours?
End Of The Road by Boyz II Men – on repetition until everyone finally leaves.
As you’re dying, what’s your death-row meal?
Obviously, DJ BBQ would be involved, and we’d want some concoction involving pork, beef, more pork, bacon, sausages and ice cream. All washed down with the undrunk bottles of craft beer in the office.
Moving on. If you had a gay affair who would it be with?
We’d go for Dermot O’Leary, even though he’s not gay. He’s just a lovely, charming bloke who likes a polo neck. And that *totally* does it for us.
Are you Blur or Oasis?
Neither. Both. Er… Bloasis.
What are your top TV programmes?
The Shield. *The Young Ones*. *Judge Judy*. Not necessarily in that order.
Which man in all history

DRESS: ALEXANDER MCQUEEN. STOCKINGS: CODO DE MER. SHOES: CHRISTIAN LOUBOUTIN. VEIL: W ROULEAUX. BRA: MARKS & SPENCER. (NEXT PAGE) DRESS: TEMPERLEY. SHOES: CHRISTIAN LOUBOUTIN



embodies *FHM* best?
Sepp Blatter, for the sheer integrity of the man.
What's the best thing ever invented?
The toaster, keeping men fed with lovely, buttery toast since the dawn of time. Did you know, if you turn a toaster on its side you can cook cheese on toast? Did you know that? Did you? What incredible times we live in, Holly.
And finally, for all the men reading, what is the one thing they *really* need to know?
The vast majority of people who work at *FHM* are from ordinary backgrounds and grew up reading this magazine. The fact we got to work here shows where persistence and hard work can get you. Without getting all *X Factor* about it, our advice is simple: don't let anyone stop you achieving your goals, whatever they are. Work hard, accept you're going to get some knocks on the way, and you'll get to where you want to be. We did. *Sob*

Thanks for that, *FHM*. I'm going to miss you, I'm glad we kept a good, honest relationship over all these years. Yes, you flirted with other women but I know you really only had eyes for me. But now we're grown up, I've had three children and you've had 314 editions. Time has passed and the internet is a huge place for any magazine to compete with. I know as a mum of two boys, when the time comes (eek!), I'd much rather they only had you to look at than their iPhone 19. Sadly, that's not possible. So it's with great sadness and a heavy heart I stand here, and say, "Farewell *FHM* – we salute you." FHM





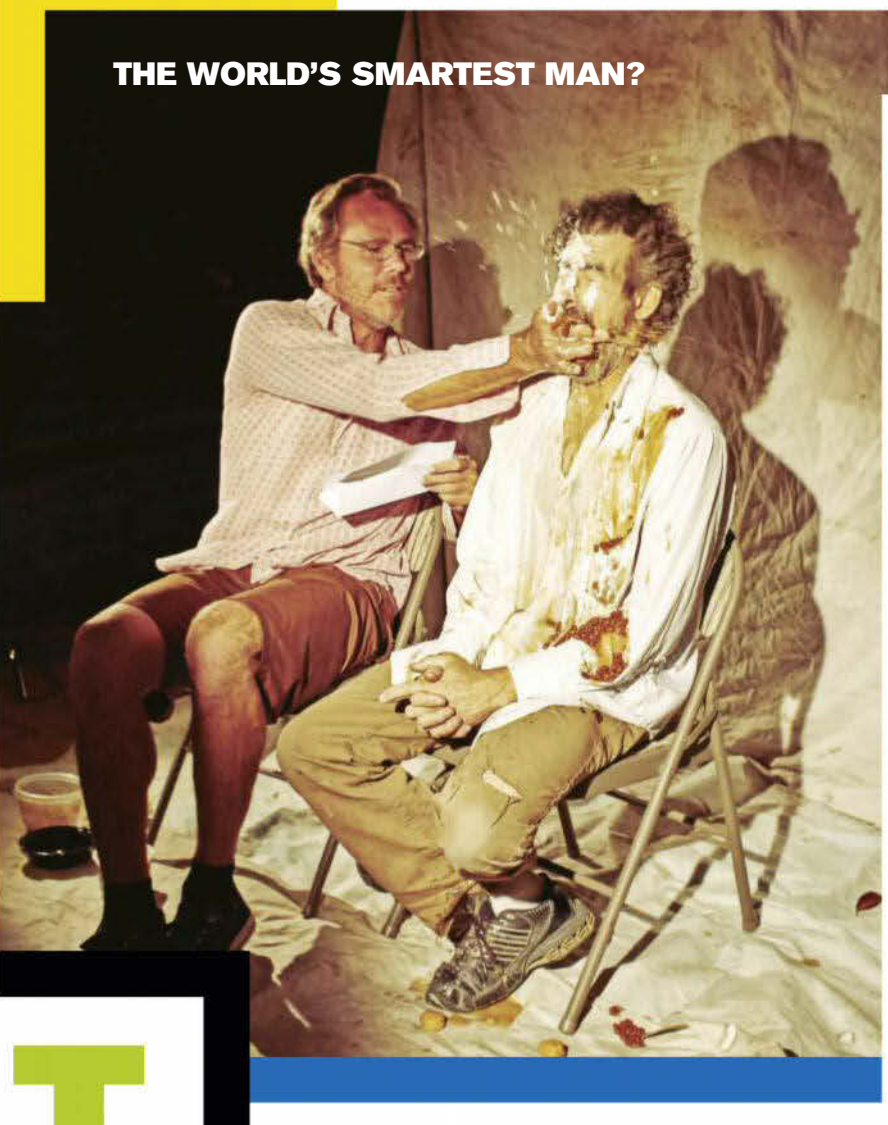
IS THIS THE SMARTEST MAN IN THE WORLD?

Words: Sam Rowe
Photography: Steve Schofield

With an Einstein-crushing IQ and his own theory of the universe, Rick Rosner is officially the world's second-cleverest man. *FHM* travelled to LA to spend 24 hours in his company…



THE WORLD'S SMARTEST MAN?



The beta-blockers were not working. Bouncing from his chair in a New York TV studio, Rick Rosner let out a Neanderthal roar. He punched the air with such ferocity that adrenaline – usually suppressed by the pills – coursed through his bloodstream in rapid squirts.

You could probably forgive the hyperbolic reaction. Rosner, a bona fide genius with a one-in-three-billion IQ, had made it his life's goal to become the smartest individual on Earth. Now, 8,000 books, eight college majors and more than 20,000 hours spent cramming for quiz shows later, he had a chance to prove it.

Rosner took his place in the *Who Wants To Be A Millionaire?* hot seat – still feeling like he'd sunk a cocktail of Red Bull, espresso and cocaine – and began answering questions. If anyone was to leave with a cheque for $1 million on that summer's night in 2000, surely it would be him?

The early rounds were child's play. Rosner waltzed to $4,000 in three minutes flat, with the bookish poise of Plato sitting his GCSEs. Then, at $16,000, host Regis Philbin – America's answer to Chris Tarrant – asked him to name the capital city located at the highest altitude above sea level. The choices were Mexico City, Quito, Bogotá or Kathmandu.

A correct answer would have taken him one step closer to a million, and the Godlike status of our planet's foremost brain. Instead, Rosner's next move led to a million-dollar lawsuit and five-figure debts. But who said being a genius would be easy?

Tests and theories

Fast-forward to November 2015, and *FHM* is standing on the doorstep of Rick Rosner's LA home. Day-old remnants of Halloween litter the porch, with the pavement strewn with the guts of a disembowelled pumpkin. Dragging open the door, a massive tub of vitamins in one hand and Frida, his yipping Maltese-Westie in the other, Rick ushers us inside.

"I felt like I'd been kicked in the balls," admits Rosner, now 55, recalling that fateful night. "I spent 22 minutes on that question. I phoned a friend, a travel writer who has been to three of the cities, and he agreed the likely answer was Kathmandu, as it's very close to the highest point on Earth." Sage logic. Wrong answer. He should have said Quito, Ecuador's capital.

Rosner left the *Millionaire* studio ashen-faced, 1,000 bucks in hand ("It's not nothing, but less than minimum wage when you consider how much time I'd spent prepping"). He promptly sued ABC, the TV channel behind the show, for what he claimed was an unfair question. He said the world's highest city is La Paz, Bolivia – plus none of the four answers even had a fixed altitude. But Rosner lost the case. And an appeal.

Rick Rosner is clever. The stacks of physics tomes, Martin Amis novels and academic quarterlies stuffed into every nook of his home tell you that. Ditto his IQ of 199 (compared to Stephen Hawking's measly 160, or the global average

of 100), recognised as the second highest in the world. His passion for IQ tests, so impenetrably complex that not even Google can help, teeters on obsessive. Some take more than 200 hours to finish. Rick's completed around 40. His latest – the one he hopes will crown him Earth's smartest – has so far taken three years, and is still months from completion.

There's also the small matter of Rosner's theory of the universe. He swears it could one day rank as one of mankind's finest discoveries. "It's a variation on the Big Bang – steady bang, or a bunch of smaller bangs," he explains. "The universe is rolling along, instead of the result of a single explosion." He reclines in his chair behind a tower of dog-eared notebooks. It takes 16 minutes for him to unpack the theory's intricacies to *FHM*. The word "consciousness" crops up a lot.

Yet Rosner's genius is not always a gift. It might also be a curse. His wife and daughter (a Cambridge undergrad) certainly think so. Currently unemployed – he worked as a writer on *Jimmy Kimmel Live!* for 12 years until recently, and according to head writer Molly McNearney was "the strangest human being I've ever met" – Rosner now occasionally pens jokes for a rival show. At least he will do, if they ever buy one.

Brainier than Einstein

Since the whole *Millionaire* debacle, Rosner has become a sort-of celebrity. He has 3.6 million Twitter followers; a list of past jobs that includes a stripper, stand-up comic, bouncer and roller-skating waiter; and an outrageous health regime that involves taking up to 70 pills a day – from S-Adenosylmethionine (for liver function) to Glisodin (to slow the greying of hair) – and 35 gym visits a week. Why?

"I think we're about the last generation that has to die," Rosner says, handing *FHM* a pint glass

"I felt like I'd been kicked in the balls when I lost on TV"



sporting the Pi symbol, filled to the brim with hot coffee. He notes a futurist theory that predicts immortality will be unlocked by 2040. "I wanna live into the future, where all the cool stuff is," he admits.

Rosner eyes the clock. "We're gonna be late. We should go." So, after wrestling a greyish tablet from Frida's jaws and popping it in his mouth ("Waste not, want not"), we do. After a fraught two hours in Rosner's garbage-strewn motor, made comical by our host giving the finger to other drivers, a California art centre comes into view.

Out of the checked shirt, tracksuit bottoms and trainers he walked in wearing, Rosner gets down to work. He arranges himself on a plastic chair, squeezing a wooden pole for leverage. His bushy, grey-flecked beard frames his caveman features, the unruly mane that's undergone 13 "pizza cutter" transplants making his face almost cartoonish. His variety of self-inflicted scars across his chest (back when he thought "chicks would dig it") make for fantastic detail, as would the road map of varicose veins on his left leg, if only he'd remove the knee-high sock. As Lance – a hyper-conservative artist who'd make Donald Trump seem compassionate – limps away from the easel to sharpen his 2B pencil, *FHM* looks at Rosner's charcoal image, in his sometime-job as a life model. Is this really the life one would expect from a man born with more brains than Einstein?

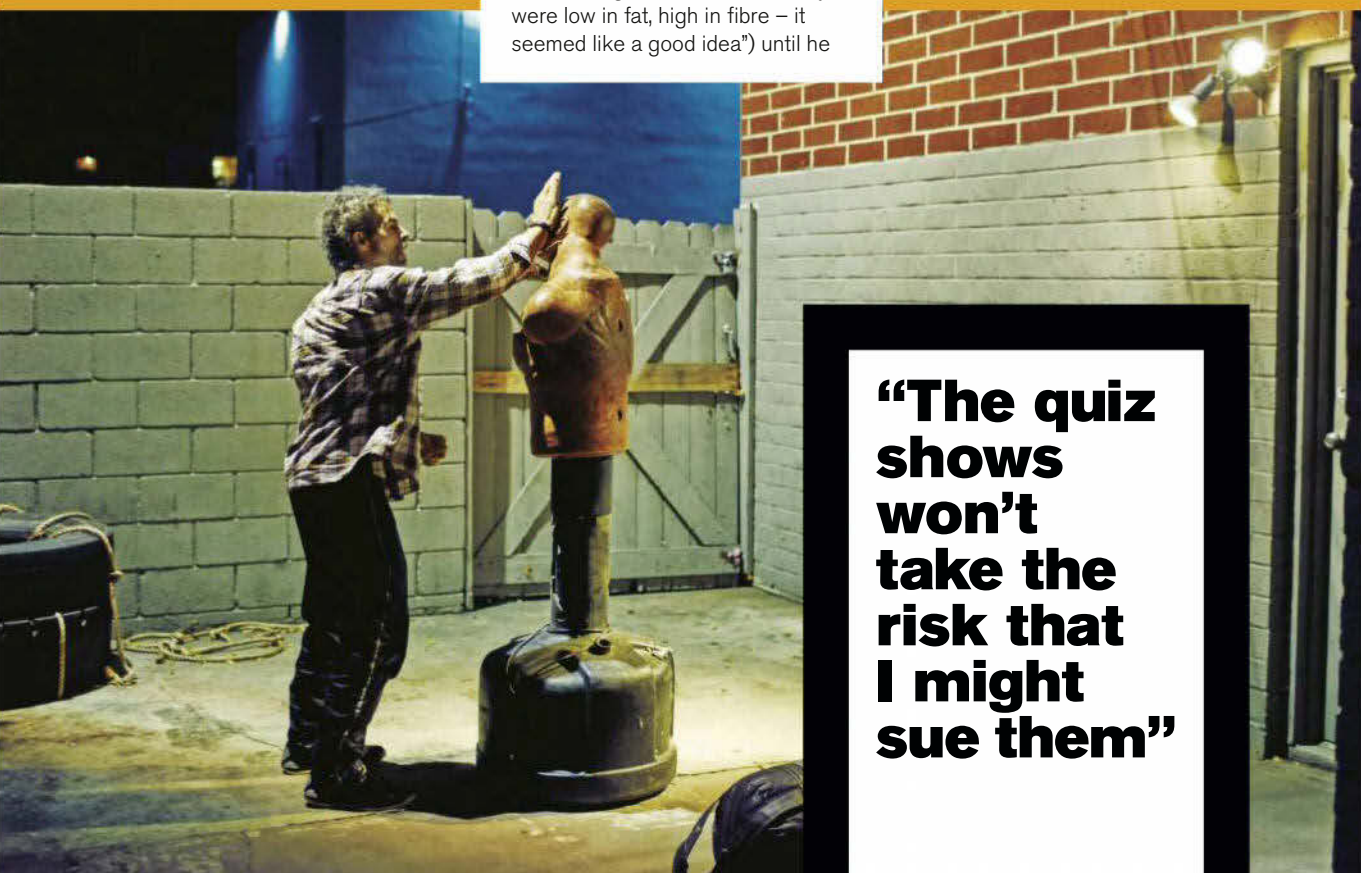
A pint-sized Jewish forerunner to Sheldon Cooper, Rosner was dubbed a genius at kindergarten. At two he pieced together a 50-piece puzzle of the United States, and by three he was reading *Esquire*.

In a quest to fit in during high school, Rosner lifted weights, adopted a John Travolta-esque drawl and tried out for wrestling. He even began running 25 miles a week and chomping on dog biscuits to lose weight ("The box said they were low in fat, high in fibre – it seemed like a good idea") until he was struck down by haemorrhoids. Surgery followed, as did "a maxi-pad in my underwear" and, perhaps unsurprisingly, Rosner graduated from high school a virgin.

Crippled by insecurity, Rosner abandoned his quest for intellect – and a place at Harvard – and "committed to life as a regular guy".

For him, this meant becoming a bouncer and male stripper, in the blind hope of getting laid. "The word cougar wasn't around then," Rosner recalls, now thankfully fully clothed. "But I hoped a jaded, sexually experienced woman would teach me all kinds of tricks."

After finally popping his cherry just shy of his 20th birthday ("I later learned she was a specialist in de-virginising nerds"), the 1980s whizzed past in a blur of forged documents, pseudonyms and wacky cover stories, as Rosner bluffed his way back into high schools in Colorado, New Mexico



"The quiz shows won't take the risk that I might sue them"



and New York. He'd had a eureka moment about the universe, while eating jelly in his college cafeteria, and wanted somewhere to sit and think. "I figured I could do high school again, while I still had my hair," says Rosner. By the time he graduated for the final time, aged 27, Rosner's then-girlfriend (now wife) posed as his legal guardian. He was also voted 'Most bald' by his classmates.

Everything or nothing?

The only man in the world cleverer than Rosner is 39-year-old Evangelos Katsioulis. A well-respected doctor, psychotherapist and writer from Greece, Katsioulis has the highest IQ on the planet: 205. Focused, single-minded and seemingly triumphant in anything he does, Katsioulis even wrote two celebrated drama scripts, as a mere 'psychological experiment'. We tracked him down to his office, via Skype, to ask how it feels to be Earth's smartest being.

"Well it's not embarrassing, for sure," he laughs, the shelves behind him bending under the weight of books. "My profile can be an aphrodisiac for some people. Beautiful women ask me directly if I'm interested in giving genetic material, making kids. Just to do that and leave. Or for money. Mainly it's for reproduction, but not always." Such indecent proposals make it tricky for Katsioulis to find the right woman – someone who craves more than just his DNA.

As for his American rival, he thinks they might be friends on Facebook. "I know he made some announcement and claims he's going to be number one. So good luck with that." But Katsioulis remains unconvinced by Rosner's universe theory. "That's an American habit – all Americans with a high IQ have a theory of everything. We don't have that in Greece."

Back in Los Angeles, Rosner frantically darts around his house, gathering jars of gravy, baked beans, minestrone soup and other grocery items. "I want to be number one," he confesses. "That's why I've been working on this IQ test for years." Tonight, he is shooting *The Smartest Guy In The World Show*, a web series he films with former *Kimmel* colleague – and wrecking ball of testosterone – Ray Oldhafer.

The format sees Oldhafer quiz Rosner on general knowledge, before pelting him with food every time he answers incorrectly, while a Jack Sparrow lookalike strums Flight of the Conchords-ish melodies. *University Challenge* it ain't. But along with compulsive gym-going and gruelling IQ tests, Rosner sees any mental workout as training in his pursuit of genius. Besides, since *Millionaire*, he can't get on another quiz show.

"I've tried out for some," Rosner admits, "but then they Google me. They don't wanna take the risk with a famously disgruntled A-hole, who might look for an opportunity to sue them – even though I tell them I'll sign something to say I won't."

Curse of the genius

Rosner lays down a sheet outside, ahead of the inevitable food-fight. His wife Carole can't bear to watch. Last time, there was blood. Nonetheless, she pours salsa into a bowl and gives him a hug, before retreating to a safe distance.

"I can only speak from my point of view," sighs Carole, who first met Rosner at a Jewish singles dance almost 30 years ago, "but I don't think he's fulfilling his potential. I think [his IQ] can be a blessing, and also a curse." A surprisingly normal woman – given her spouse – Carole's watched from the side as Rosner has bounced bars, choked on quiz shows and spent a lot of his working life in the nude, instead of earning a world-beating IQ, or figuring out the universe.

Spending time with Rosner, we

can't help but wonder if he is hampered by the genius for which he's become known. Just like fame eats away at the superstar celebrities who implode as their star rises, is his intellect more an affliction than gift?

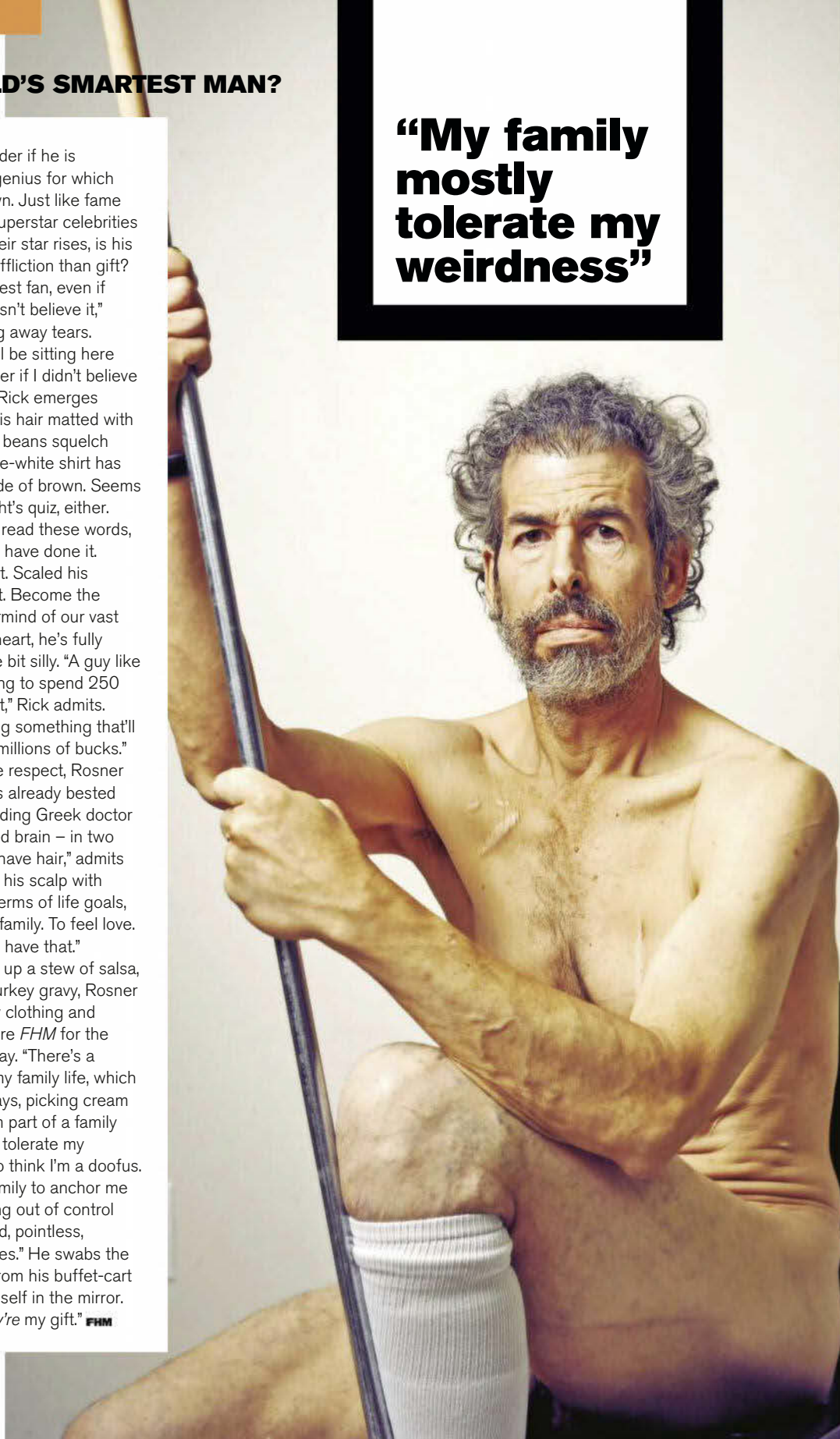
"I'm still his biggest fan, even if sometimes he doesn't believe it," Carole says, wiping away tears. "I don't think I'd still be sitting here nearly 30 years later if I didn't believe in him." Just then, Rick emerges from the garden, his hair matted with whipped cream as beans squelch underfoot. His once-white shirt has gone a gooey shade of brown. Seems he didn't win tonight's quiz, either.

By the time you read these words, Rick Rosner might have done it. Completed the test. Scaled his intellectual Everest. Become the undisputed mastermind of our vast planet. Even if, at heart, he's fully aware it's all a little bit silly. "A guy like Bill Gates isn't going to spend 250 hours on an IQ test," Rick admits. "He'll spend it doing something that'll make him tens of millions of bucks."

And yet, in some respect, Rosner needn't worry. He's already bested his rival – the brooding Greek doctor and his planet-sized brain – in two key areas. "I don't have hair," admits Katsioulis, rubbing his scalp with his palm. "And, in terms of life goals, I always wanted a family. To feel love. To be loved. I don't have that."

As Carole mops up a stew of salsa, cream puffs and turkey gravy, Rosner peels off his sticky clothing and stands naked before *FHM* for the second time in a day. "There's a sitcom feeling to my family life, which is satisfying," he says, picking cream from his beard. "I'm part of a family where they mostly tolerate my weirdness, but also think I'm a doofus. If I didn't have a family to anchor me I'd likely be spinning out of control in a series of stupid, pointless, not-quite adventures." He swabs the last dots of dairy from his buffet-cart face, and eyes himself in the mirror. "To be honest, *they're* my gift." FHM

"My family mostly tolerate my weirdness"



ARE YOU AS SMART AS ROSNER?

Rick Rosner has devised a mini IQ test exclusively for *FHM*. Come and have a go if you think you're smart enough – needless to say, we didn't get any right

QUESTIONS

Q1 What **two numbers** multiplied together make the following number? (Note, they both have historical significance.)
1,295,190

Q2 Work out the **well-known phrase:**

N	D	E	N	N	D
O	A	T	F	G	A
Y	U	S	H	O	L
L	E	R	E	I	K
C	O	S	E	Y	N

Q3 Find the **missing numbers** in this sequence: (Hint – it's easier with a calculator.)
7, 10, 12, 13, 19, 20, 21, 30, 35, 37, 38, 40, 44, 50, ?, ?, ?, ?, ?, ?

Q4 Find the **missing letter** in each of these related sequences:
E N D ? M E B T H
B D C C U B R B ?

Q5 Find the **missing numbers** in this sequence: (Hint – this could be easier if you figured out Q3.)
12, 13, 14, 16, 21, 25, ?, ?, ?, ?, 44, 49, 64, 98, 99

ANSWERS

Q1 1, 1066 (the year of the Norman conquest of England) x 1215 (the year the Magna Carta was signed).

Q2 The phrase winds back and forth diagonally, starting in the lower left corner. It spells CLOSE YOUR EYES AND THINK OF ENGLAND.

Q3 This sequence lists the numbers that have squares that are made up of two or more integer squares.

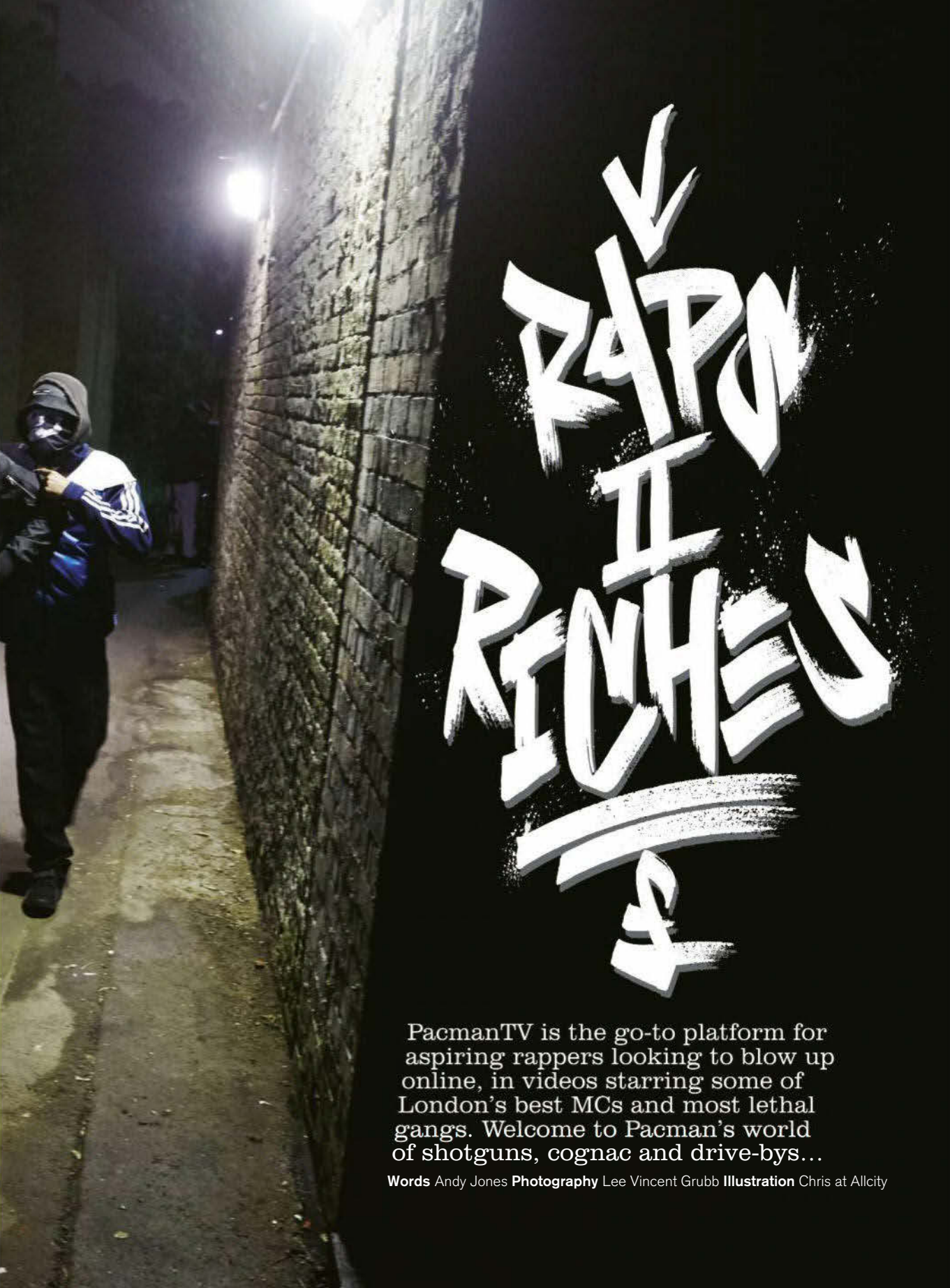
Number	Number squared	Number squared, expressed as a sequence of integer squares
7	49	4, 9
12	144	1, 4, 4
13	169	16, 9
19	361	36, 1
20	400	4, 0, 0
21	441	4, 4, 1
30	900	9, 0, 0
35	1225	1, 225
37	1369	1, 36, 9
38	1444	1, 4, 4, 4
40	1600	16, 0, 0
44	1936	1, 9, 36
50	2500	25, 0, 0
The missing numbers:		
60	3600	36, 0, 0
65	4225	4, 225
70	4900	49, 0, 0
80	6400	64, 0, 0
90	8100	81, 0, 0
97	9409	9, 4, 0, 9

Q4 These sequences are based on BENEDICT CUMBERBATCH. The first sequence lists the prime-numbered letters in his name – the 2nd, 3rd, 5th, 7th, 11th, 13th, 15th, 17th and 19th letters. The missing letter is the 7th, which is C. The second sequence lists the letters in his name that include curved lines. The missing letter is again C.

Q5 This is the list of all the two-digit numbers whose squares contain the same digits in a different order to the square of another two-digit number.

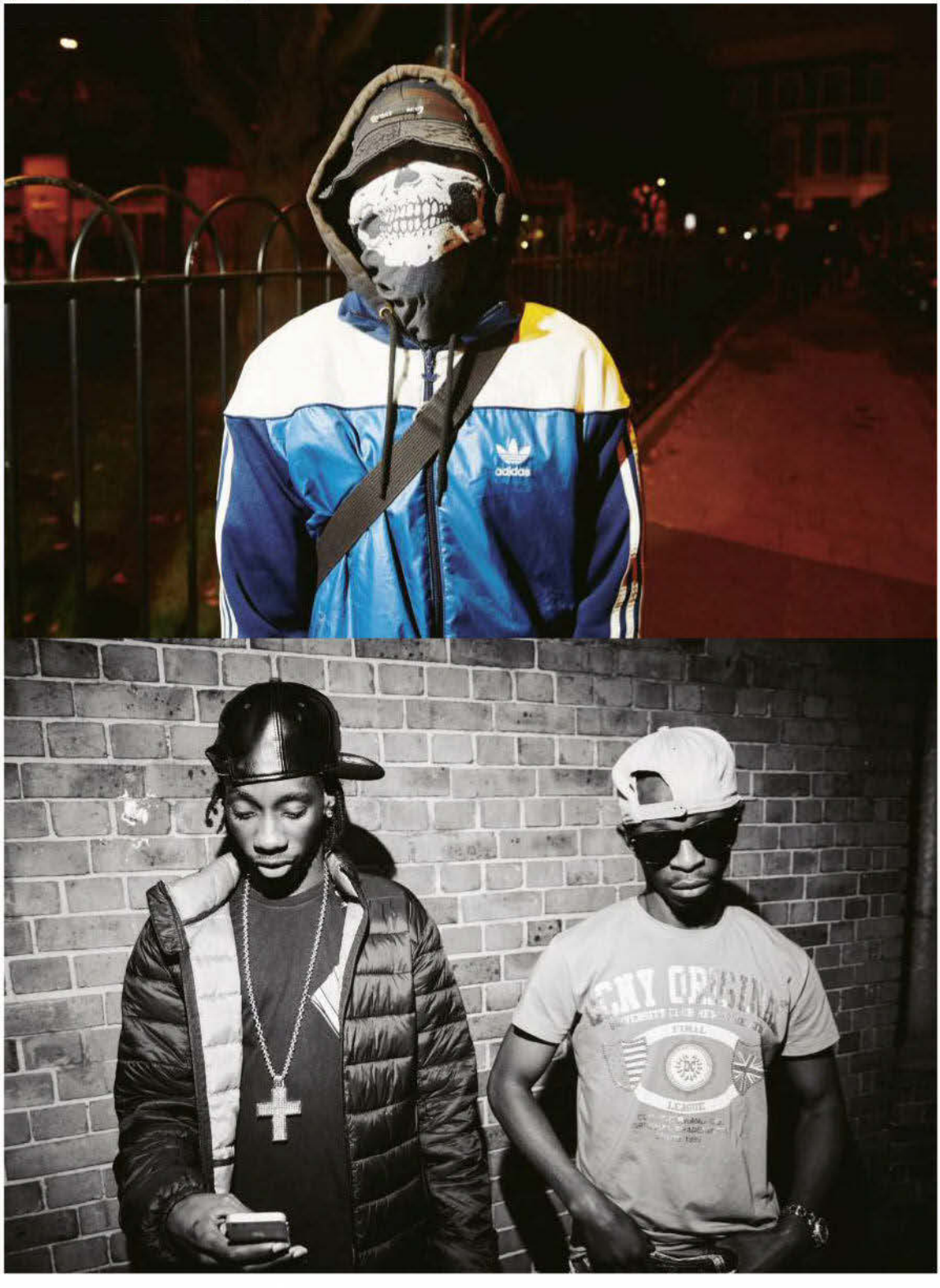
Number	Number squared	Same digits as the square(s) of
12	144	21
13	169	14 and 31
14	196	13 and 31
16	256	25
21	441	12
25	625	16
44	1936	37
49	2401	32
64	4096	98
98	9604	64
99	9801	33
The missing numbers:		
31	961	13 and 14
32	1024	49
33	1089	99
37	1369	44





PacmanTV is the go-to platform for aspiring rappers looking to blow up online, in videos starring some of London's best MCs and most lethal gangs. Welcome to Pacman's world of shotguns, cognac and drive-bys…

Words Andy Jones **Photography** Lee Vincent Grubb **Illustration** Chris at Allcity


adidas

In the dark, against the wet bricks of an east London alley wall, rapper Shortz, 22, is about to articulate what drives him to rap. A police car cruises by slowly and his group duck behind walls or pull hoods up. The acrid waft of a familiar smell suggests the wall is wet for a reason and Shortz might be better to position himself somewhere else. "These ends, man," he says. "People just piss on everything."

This isn't the high-end costume party of a Drake shoot – this is grime in every sense. But despite the low-fi surrounds, Shortz's video – on YouTube platform site PacmanTV – will have 10,000 views within 24 hours of being uploaded. Everyone of a certain age in his area – Hackney, east London – knows Shortz the artist. Posses of hooded kids jump about in the background, gun-saluting and echoing the chorus. One, jumping in centre-stage, splashes Hennessy all over the floor in a show of spontaneous decadence.

Becoming famous online is a hustle that doesn't stop. This is the seventh video Shortz has hired Pacman – the man behind the channel – to produce within the last three months, clocking up well over 300,000 YouTube hits. He'll pay Pacman a fee – about £200 – to film, direct and edit his videos and put them on his PacmanTV channel.

Shortz seems a nice guy – he raps about putting kids into school, "Keeping young 'uns out of trouble" – but plenty of PacmanTV's characters are anything but. It's the tired old rap rule that you have to beef with somebody in the industry, but Pacman, himself only 23 and entirely self-taught when it comes to film-making, often gets the double-barrelled reality of it all. On a recent shoot, with a rapper who had just got out of prison, things got hairy quite quickly.

"This guy ambushed the shoot saying, 'You think you're bad, yeah?'," says Pacman. "He said he wanted to fight someone in our group. We were in a big crew, so we sort of laughed it off. I mean, what's one guy gonna do? Then he said, 'Stay here, I'm coming back.' Later, I was looking down the lens and saw this guy reappearing in the background with this massive duffel bag. You just think, 'Oh shit, he's got a bat or a big knife.' But he dropped it on the floor, unzipped it and there was a shotgun in there. He was screaming, 'Where is he? Where is he?' Thankfully, the guy he wanted had already left. A minute later he'd gone and we were back filming again."

Pacman reveals these details in the same matter-of-fact way you might discuss last night's five-a-side game with your mates. Secrecy is important – Pacman never tells us his real name or even why he's called Pacman, only that he started shooting videos for friends, some of who were in gangs, and he now has over 1,500 online videos.

"Being famous online is a hustle that doesn't stop"

All up-and-coming rappers want a video on PacmanTV. The channel contains a mix of angry gang confrontation, commercial grime and heartfelt soliloquys about young men who've been pointlessly murdered. Pro-gang culture one minute, anti it the next.

There are other online rap platforms, but the clientele Pacman films and the viewers he reaches give him an untouchable authenticity. He glides between gang fallouts – recording one video with one postcode gang calling out another, then the next day recording the rival gang doing a reply video. The comments under each, ramping up the fallout, all add to the soap opera.

When we meet Pacman in a north London restaurant in the daytime, he's smaller than



PACMAN AND FRIENDS

BOTTOM LEFT: SHORTZ AND YOUNG B



PACMAN MAKES AROUND £200 FOR EACH VIDEO HE FILMS

RIGHT: A VIDEO SHOOT IN EAST LONDON

we'd expected and speaks shyly, every word carefully considered. Come nighttime, with a camera in his hand, he becomes an angry bear – visibly a foot taller and shouting at dangerous-looking men twice his width. "No, stand there. More energy, more energy!" he barks at pouting, listless rappers.

Our budding Spike Lee works 18-hour days, alone, usually in the middle of the night at the whole spectrum of 'bad side of town' locations – council blocks, desolate parks, raucous house parties – to film the urban wordsmiths of London. Sometimes it kicks off, but usually they're just young men trying to put their music out.

Pac – "Call me Pac, it's fine" – says he doesn't try to mediate in gang disputes; he just holds the camera steady and records it all. "When things kick off, I just say, 'Look you need to handle this business. I'm not getting my brains blown out filming your video.' I have to keep my distance – you don't know who you're going to film in the future. You have to be impartial."

So successful has Pac been that he has branched out to Birmingham, Glasgow, Liverpool and even abroad. "I got an email from a guy asking me to film a video with him in Indiana, so I flew out there. I remember thinking in the airport, 'Couldn't he get a US guy to film him?' But they want to be on the channel, not just get a video. I've also been out to Amsterdam, Calais. Hood videos are blowing up everywhere now."

Never mind the actual filming of the videos (he films as many as six in a day), Pacman's biggest stress is managing the talent.

"Rappers don't keep sociable hours. I get phone calls at all hours from people asking for videos. A lot are in gangs – not just pretending to be in gangs, but really at a point where they might get shot or need to shoot someone. People cancel because they get in an altercation or get arrested. Others insist we film even when there's a foot of snow because it shows they're real. On a shoot in Peckham recently somebody got shot in the leg by a guy doing a drive-by on a scooter. Everyone ran off, but then – like it was nothing – within an hour everyone just wanted me to carry on filming them."

He isn't bluffing either. Pacman's channel first came to *FHM*'s attention when London's Metropolitan Police mentioned they study online rap channels for gang research. They see who is affiliated with what gang, who has beef with who and – generally – for spotting anyone out and about who is meant to be indoors with a tag on.

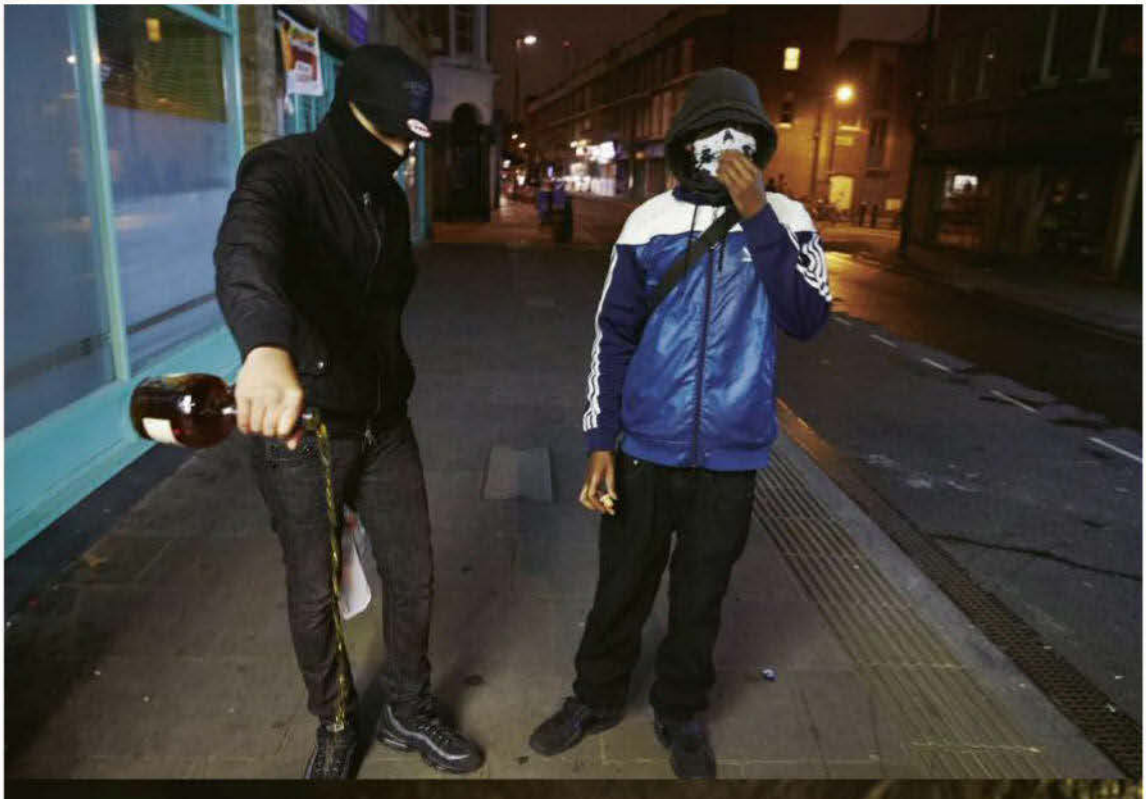
In early 2014, rapper Terngu Agera, 23, from north London, was making waves on the PacmanTV channel under the name Mover. Several of his videos clocked up well over 240,000 hits and he produced a video celebrating smashing one million views. In one rap, his collaborator Kemo states, "Is this street life worthy? Mum's son now looking at 30 [years inside]." It proved to be prophetic: just a year later, Agera was in prison for a 30-year stretch. In July 2014, he, along with four cohorts, attempted to mug Lithuanian builder Zydrunas Laurinavicius, 38, in broad daylight as he returned home from work with his father. As the victim fought back, they stabbed him fatally through the heart with a hunting knife.

"I'm not getting my brains blown out filming your video"

It's taken a few attempts to be invited to a PacmanTV shoot. While rappers are happy to be on YouTube for the potential gaze of millions, they apparently have a vampire-like aversion to being photographed. Even with Pacman's 'in', we aren't given much love. One


NIKE


BOYZ
Canon





video shoot we attend in Brixton with the GAS gang ('Guns and Shanks') ended with us being shepherded away down a midnight street after just one question.

"What you writing down? You the feds?" the singer asks. "The interview you just agreed to," we say, uselessly holding our notepad and pen. "Nah, no more questions," is all we're told, and that's that. At least the GAS gang were obligingly polite to Pacman about why they'd binned his guests.

Back in Hackney, things are much friendlier. Shortz says he gave up the gang life ages ago. "I was doing that shit a few years ago, but it's all bullshit. I like big chains and watches, but I'm about far more than that as an artist. I preach to the kids – I tell them to stay in school, don't muck about, be ambitious. They respect that, they listen."

True to form, as Pacman films, Shortz morphs into a pied piper in a puffa jacket. Other youths appear from nowhere almost as if choreographed. Shortz laughs it off. "I'm like a young legend. People recognise me. That happens all the time. I was big before the videos. People respect my work rate. I buy studio time and in one session get down 20 tracks. I'm a one-take man – I do one take and that's it. They come to see that."

As he drops his lyrics in front of a large crowd – all in one take, just like he said – Shortz pointedly grips an oversized crucifix hung around his neck. It looks ostentatiously gold and chunky, like a corn on the cob on a chain. Shortz reveals it was custom-made and cost £5,000. We gently enquire as to how he afforded it, but he bristles. "I'm a saver. I been saving all those 1ps, 2ps, 5ps." Then, just to ensure we don't get the wrong idea about his income, he adds, "I'm a family man. I like working hard and hanging with my nieces and nephews."

Inner-city London is the co-star of nearly all of Pac's films. His videos show the ludicrous wealth imbalance of haves and have-nots in our capital. Up one street you could be sitting in a gastro pub, sipping £5-a-pint craft beers under the gaze of multimillion pound houses, bespoke basement excavations happening below. Yet just a short walk the other way, you fall into police tape, poverty and petty gang squabbles. Pacman sets up different angles around Shortz's neighbourhood – "Each artist only shoots in their own ends, never anyone else's," he says – picking an alley, a tower block, the middle of a road.

One of Shortz's cohorts, Young B, 22, baulks when I suggest him and Shortz's end game might be to get signed. "We don't need a deal. What do we need a deal for? We started from the bottom. I've been with Shortz since year 6. We'll get our own music out there. Mix tape after mix tape, videos. You need a plan and we've got one."

Bemused drivers slow down or beep, adding to the realness of it all. The dream ticket is a police car driving past, sirens blazing just to add an extra edge. Amid the hustle, Pacman's phone goes off and he spends the next 30 seconds sternly calming down a fretting rapper. Everything's explained away. Some guy, some threat of violence – all casually played off.

"I preach to the kids – tell them to stay in school"

If Pacman isn't precious about his own welfare, he bulletproofs his platform daily. "Every rapper on PacmanTV is vetted first, either in person or by smartphone. I get aggro if I don't agree to upload people, but you have to front it out. You have to protect the quality of your channel and be brave. You don't just take the cash. YouTubers are tough. Word gets out fast if your channel goes shit."

And, let's face it, being called shit online hurts a lot more than a smack in the mouth. **FHM**



PACMAN TV STAR TERNGU AGERA WAS CONVICTED OF MURDER LAST YEAR AFTER STABBING A MAN ON THE STREET

PHOTOGRAPHY: COURT NEWS UK

HOW WE GREW UP & WHAT WE'VE LEARNED

They've been fun, the years since FHM was born. Now, as this great magazine takes its final breaths, we look back at an event from each year that made our world a better place

Words: Matt Blake and Tom Ward

1994

GUITAR MUSIC RULED THE WORLD AGAIN



Oasis's *Definitely Maybe* launched the Gallaghers into the stratosphere and marked the start of Britpop. *Q* magazine's Matt Mason talks us through what the album meant…

"When Stone Roses disappeared to make *Second Coming* and Happy Mondays vanished in a puff of crack smoke, much of the swagger of British guitar music evaporated. By '94, the depressed howl of grunge and The Levellers' dog-on-a-string earnestness had prevailed.

"If your ambitions stretched beyond feeling glum or living up a tree, Oasis were life affirming. The appeal was so broad because it preached escapism from frustrations we'd all felt: working shit jobs (*Live Forever*); looking for shit jobs (*Cigarettes & Alcohol*); and being stuck in shit relationships (*Married With Children*).

"When Britain's best music was being made by people who dressed, talked and dreamed like the rest of us, everything seemed possible."

1995



ALADDIN'S LAMP IS A LITTLE GREY BOX

You once had two options with video games: guiding muscly, bandanna-clad hoodlums through street battles of the future, or powering a spinning blue hedgehog around a 2D assault course. Then the PlayStation was born, bamboozling and enrapturing us.

Tomb Raider, *Tony Hawk*, *Resident Evil* – we're still playing these games 20 years on, in one form or another. It's the PlayStation that made us the lazy cavemen we've become. And for that, we'll always be grateful.

1996

WE CHOSE LIFE

On the 20th anniversary of the* Trainspotting *movie, the man behind the book, Irvine Welsh, shares his tale of smack addicts and mega-stardom



"There was an important story to tell. I was working for the council up in Edinburgh and doing a part-time MBA. *Trainspotting* was a reaction – to get out there and do something creative.

"Every nutter in Edinburgh thinks Begbie's based on them. I've been pushed against the wall by a lot of blokes, but the characters are amalgamations of people. The ones who are actually like them don't recognise themselves. In a crowd of guys, there's always the psychotic hard guy, the fanny merchant, the hapless idiot, the cynical intellectual.

"I wouldn't change a frame of the film. I never worry about the story and the scenes – they're different mediums – but for fuck's sake, capture the spirit of it. That's exactly what they did. There was something about that set – this group of people just ready to take off. We weren't at the height of our powers, but we were ready to cook together.

"I was in Tokyo on holiday and I bought some CDs in a Virgin Megastore. I gave the girl behind the counter my card and when she saw my name she started dancing around. The manager pulled out all this *Trainspotting* merch and suddenly loads of people were queuing up around the block. I thought, 'I'm on holiday, I just want to go and get pissed.'

"It was very crazy to be in the eye of that storm. Writers are usually anonymous but I was suddenly like a Britpop star. It was strange – you normally have to get a fatwa against you like Salman Rushdie to get that kind of profile."

THE BLADE ARTIST BY IRVINE WELSH IS PUBLISHED ON 7 APRIL BY JONATHAN CAPE. IRVINE WELSH WILL BE TOURING THE UK IN APRIL (VINTAGE-BOOKS.CO.UK)

1997

WE WANTED THINGS TO GET BETTER



When Tony Blair led Labour to their largest ever majority, a new political era began. Brian Cox was part of D:Ream, who gave Labour their anthem *Things Can Only Get Better*. He talks us through that time…

"The band had split by then. I was in Munich working on my PhD. Pete [Cunnah, the frontman] called me up and asked me to help out. I thought it sounded fun. We met Tony Blair a few times. I think everyone forgets he wasn't that old. He felt like one of us.

"The song was a hit again after it was re-released, which was great. *Top Of The Pops* was awkward because of impartiality rules. We recorded on the day of the election, then we went to a hotel to wait for the result.

"When it was announced, we played the song again in the Royal Festival Hall. The atmosphere was just electric, but I was knackered. I remember walking across the Thames after the show. It was 6am, and a beautiful day. It felt like the country had been transformed overnight."

1998

THE ENTIRE WORLD IS JUST A CLICK AWAY

In the early days of the internet, Yahoo and AOL were big names. Or maybe you were an Ask Jeeves guy. But then, in 1998, Google pulled down its trousers and shat on them all. It's not even just a search engine any more. It's bought companies that build robots and driverless cars. In 2013, it acquired a biotech company whose aim is to 'cure death'. But it's still good for searching for boobs, too.

1999

BEING A MOB BOSS IS A PAIN IN THE NECK

At the end of the last century, HBO began its domination of television with an ensemble show about an off-shoot of the New York mob operating in nearby New Jersey. As funny as it was brutal, *The Sopranos* became regarded as one of the best show of all time and, 17 years later, it still holds up. We tracked down Soprano soldier and FBI informant Salvatore 'Big Pussy' Bonpensiero (known as Vincent Pastore in the acting biz) to get the inside information…

Is the Italian-American mafia as powerful as it used to be?
No. I see the old guys around Little Italy, but you have to be careful what you say because loyalty doesn't exist among the younger generation any more. Now a lot of low-key wiseguys become informants. In the old days, a man would have done time to protect his crew.

Do you have a favourite episode?
Most people say the first few series were the best, but my favourite episode was my last because it gave me so much to do as an actor [Pussy is killed for being an informer]. The press didn't know what would happen,



and I had the *New York Post* watching it live with me in my flat.

What's your main memory of working with James Gandolfini?
He was incredibly generous. As the show became popular, he got a raise and shared it with the 10 principle cast members. I got $20,000. Who does that? He was the best.

2000

ANYONE CAN BE A CELEBRITY

Big Brother *superfan Joe Madden explains how the show proved real people are just as entertaining as megastars*

"It's easy to forget just how low-key, low-budget and low-concept the first series of *Big Brother* was. The house looked like it'd been smashed out in an afternoon with MDF and a nail gun, the tasks seemed lifted from the shonkiest team-building day out ever, and the housemates weren't anywhere *near* as gurning and unhinged as we expect reality TV participants to be today.

"So parchingly dry was that first series that it often felt like you were watching willing prisoners being tortured with mind-warping boredom: entire 20-second shots would consist of housemates staring silently at the ceiling, rubbing their temples.

"But the extended periods of humdrum and meh meant that when something *did* happen, it felt *massive*: Darren overcoming his chicken phobia; Nasty Nick's web of lies unravelling; Tom helplessly popping a boner while giving Mel a massage… By its midway point, the series was a ratings phenomenon; by the time the final came around, TV had changed forever.

"Of course, reality telly rapidly became less and less 'real': *I'm A Celebrity* is a full-blown game show, while 'structured reality' series such as *TOWIE* blur the lines between script and spontaneity so much, it's hard to know who's play-acting and who's genuinely happy/sad/horny.

"*Big Brother* is the reason teenage vloggers command millions of fans and Kim K's tumpsy can send the internet into meltdown. So, er… thanks for that, *BB*. Thanks very much."

OUR FAVOURITE HOUSEMATES



NADIA ALMADA (BB5): Transsexual bank clerk Nadia "I can't have fun without my cigarettes" Almada roared to victory for her frankly terrifying skills in rows. Her subsequent pop career was perhaps not quite as fierce.



MAKOSI MUSAMBASI (BB6): A pool scene with Anthony Hutton and a phantom pregnancy were followed by her being booed out of the house. Reportedly deported, the former nurse hosts a show in Zimbabwe.



NIKKI GRAHAME (BB7): Surely the most commonly mimicked reality contestant of all time, Nikki's "Who is she?" drama went viral before the term even existed. Scarily, from later evidence, it doesn't even seem like it was an act.

2001

CRIME BECAME COOL

This year will forever be known as the year that joyriding cars, killing police officers and running over prostitutes for their cash became acceptable – thankfully all within the confines of *Grand Theft Auto III*'s Liberty City. While the previous two entries in the *GTA* series provided hours of criminal fun, the third game was the first to take the action 3D, pretty much redefining our evenings and weekends in the process. In homage to a console classic, we break down some of the toughest escapades you've ever taken on…

01 BOMB DA BOAT
A boat in Liberty City harbour has to go, and your old pal 8-Ball is the man with the explosives. Cue you, perched on a nearby rooftop, sniper rifle in hand, watching his back. Difficult enough at the time, replaying it after being spoilt by the quality of modern games will have you wondering how you ever got past it in the first place.



02 THE FIVE-STAR RAMPAGE
Any fool can escape from a two-star wanted rating, but to take it up to five and get away? That was the mark of a truly bored individual.

03 FLYING THE DODO
Not so much a mission as a hidden extra, the wingless Dodo was notoriously difficult to fly. If you did manage to get it airborne, it was the perfect vehicle for getting across to the game's mysterious Ghost Island.

04 THE EXCHANGE
The game's final mission sees you getting even with your murderous ex-girlfriend, Colombian Cartel leader Catalina. After double-crossing you (again) she hightails it to freedom in a chopper. Luckily your rocket launcher provides a fitting end to one of the best crime sagas ever made.

PHOTOGRAPHY: ALAMY, REX FEATURES, MICHAEL THOMAS JONES, CAMERA PRESS/ANDY COTTERILL, EYEVINE, PA PHOTOS

2002

AMERICA IS MESSED UP

Created by former Baltimore crime reporter David Simon, *The Wire* covered every aspect of Charm City's corrupt infrastructure, from housing project drug dealers to on-the-take cops. To get an insight into what it was like at the beginning, we tracked down Andre Royo, the man behind drug addict and police informant Bubbles…

"I was doing theatre in New York when my agent called about the audition. I said I didn't want to play a junkie. My agent said, 'Motherfucker, you're broke. It wasn't an offer.'

"We shot the pilot on the streets of Baltimore. In certain neighbourhoods people would say, 'You got 10 minutes to shoot then get the fuck out of here.' We were costing drug dealers money by shutting down their spots. We wanted to educate the public on conditions in the city. I grew up in the Bronx and people were like, 'Well, that's the life you chose, scumbag.'

"When *The Wire* first came out, the press gave us one star. They said it was too boring and you couldn't understand what anyone was saying. We went to parties where people were talking about *Sex And The City*. We were getting no love in 2002. We were like HBO's unwanted stepchild.

"I went to David Simon and asked if we could do something different. He refused to dumb it down and said eventually, everyone would be talking about the show. I walked out like, 'Man, what an arrogant white boy!'

"A real junkie gave me some drugs because I looked like I needed a fix. I thought about taking it, and going for the Oscar, but I knew after that, I'd only be good for one take."



2003

ENGLAND CAN WIN AT SPORT AFTER ALL

The closing moments of the dramatic 2003 Rugby World Cup final couldn't have been more dramatic: in extra time, the sides were drawn 17-17. Scrum-half Matt Dawson was intimately involved in the last play, which resulted in Jonny Wilkinson winning the match with a drop goal in the final seconds of the match. This is Matt's story…

"In the run-up to the final, we tried to go about business as usual. It was all about the preservation of energy, resting and trying to make sure we were in as good a condition as possible.

"There were thousands of fans camped out around our hotel. It was hard not to be reminded of the final, so it was tough to keep the pressure at bay. And we were used to the Aussie media trying to stir things up. There was one headline I saw about me being a 'dust mite', I think on account of my size, but we just laughed at that kind of stuff. They called us every name under the sun while we were there.

"We all knew what we were going to do in the final minutes of the match. I've seen these traits in other teams that have won the World Cup – it was all about precision and everybody knowing the part they had to play.

"I remember Jonny shouting the call for the drop goal routine. The ball was in a ruck, Martin Johnson got it out to me, and I passed it to Jonny. The margin for error was very small but as soon as I got it to him, I felt he would do it. When he made the kick, I can't describe the feeling. Just pure elation.

"It was a huge celebration afterwards. I remember seeing Prince Harry play the bongos. There are lots of factors that made that team what it was. We went through plenty of adversity, but we tried not to make the same mistakes twice. The team was very experienced, so we had a huge bank of history and knowledge to draw on in that tournament. We knew that no matter what we faced as a team, we had it in ourselves to get over it, or around it."



MATT DAWSON IS PATRON OF BEATING BOWEL CANCER

2004

BEING WELL-LIKED HAS NEVER BEEN EASIER

The Social Network will tell you that Mark Zuckerberg started Facebook to rank the girls that had turned him down. Whatever the reason behind it, in the 12 years since its launch, Facebook has conveniently helped divide your pals up into five distinct camps…



01 THE MAN OF THE WORLD

In the past year, your mate Matt's been to Thailand, Tanzania and a Middle Eastern state you were sure no longer existed. Photos show him lying on a beach, flanked by a pair of Dutch girls. It might look like one long holiday, but as the Facebook album informs you, he was definitely, definitely 'travelling'.

02 YOUR MUM

Yes, she's now on Facebook. She's dug out her faded wedding photos from the 1980s and posted them in an album called 'Glory days, lol'. She posts at least one cringe meme a day.

03 YOUR MUM'S MATES

Auntie Sue was lovely when you were five. But 20 years on, your opinion has 'evolved' slightly. Immigrants? Political correctness gone mad? You bet she's got something to say on it – usually a rambling, incoherent argument cribbed from the *Daily Express*.

04 THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY

Facebook is great at reminding you of what could have been, usually in the form of that girl you went on a date with at school. Your heart melts when she posts a picture of her chilling in her onesie. It goes without saying that you're ready to fling your current relationship out the window when she 'likes' one of your pictures.

05 THE CRYPTIC STATUS UPDATER

He types, "Some people can be so harsh" or "I'm done", then sits back in his swivel chair with a bag of Chipsticks as the "U OK bbz?" roll in, the *bastard*.

2005

REAL HEROES DO EXIST

On 18 March 2005, Lance Sergeant Johnson Beharry was awarded the Victoria Cross for twice saving his comrades in the Iraq war

It was 1 May 2004, and Beharry's unit, the 1st Battalion Princess of Wales' Royal Regiment, was called to assist a foot patrol under fire. As driver of the first Warrior armoured vehicle, he sat alone in the cab with six other soldiers in the back. That's when he heard the explosion. Unsure whether his team were alive or dead, he was trapped in the killing zone.

"The enemy was on the rooftop, in the alleyways," he told *FHM* in 2014. "The vehicle was covered in rocket-propelled grenades… my vehicle was on fire. I said to myself, 'I'm not gonna stay here and die.' So I looked for a route out and I saw a safe area."

With the cabin filling with smoke, he decided to get everyone out. Still under fire, he opened the hatch – and spotted an anti-tank mine. He decided to drive over it, knowing he would die.

Beharry still doesn't know if the mine went off. He managed to drive the Warrior to a building he knew housed soldiers, but nobody came to help. He extracted each unconscious member of his team, stripped the Warrior of weapons, and drove it out of harm's way before it exploded – all while the vehicle was on fire.

"The last thing I remember was someone saying, 'Stay with me,'" he recalled. "Six hours later, I woke up. There was a bullet in my helmet, but I didn't know I'd been shot."

Six weeks later, on 11 June 2004, Beharry was again leading a platoon through Al Amarah when they were ambushed. A rocket-powered grenade hit the Warrior, implanting shrapnel in his brain. Beharry managed to drive out of the ambush before losing consciousness. He saved the lives of everyone. Again.

Nine months later, he became the first British recipient of war's greatest honour in 40 years.



2006

A MARDY LAD FROM SHEFFIELD BECAME THE VOICE OF A GENERATION

Whatever People Say I Am, That's What I'm Not was a mouthful of an album title, but that didn't stop Arctic Monkeys first LP becoming the fastest-selling debut in British history, eventually going quintuple platinum. While the following decades became a graveyard of indie dross (*cough* Razorlight, Keane, Snow Patrol *cough*), Alex Turner's poetic way with words taught us a thing or two about being men.

01 DRUNK TEXTING WON'T GET YOU ANYWHERE

'She won't be surprised and she won't be shocked/When she's pressed the star after she's pressed unlock/And there's verse and chapter sat in her inbox/And all it says is that you've drank a lot'
The View From The Afternoon

02 RUNNING FROM THE POLICE MIGHT NOT BE BIG, BUT WE'VE ALL DONE IT

'Got a chase last night from men with truncheons dressed in hats/We didn't do that much wrong, still ran away though for the laugh'
Riot Van

03 THERE'LL ALWAYS BE ANOTHER GUY READY TO STEAL YOUR GIRL

'Din't ya see she were gorgeous, she was beyond belief/But this lad at the side drinking a Smirnoff Ice came and paid for her tropical Reef'
Red Light Indicates Doors Are Secured

04 LEAVE THE FIGHTING TO THE PROFESSIONALS

'They wanted to be men and do some fighting in the street/He said no surrender, no chance of retreat'
Red Light Indicates Doors Are Secured

05 EVERYONE'S GOT THAT ONE DICKHEAD MATE

'But over there there's friends of mine/What can I say, I've known them for a long time/They might overstep the line/But you just cannot get angry in the same way'
A Certain Romance



2007

LIFE'S IN THE PALM OF OUR HAND

In 2007, Apple released the iPhone. Four years later, Siri was born. British voiceover artist Jon Briggs, 50, was that voice

"It took more than three weeks to record over 3,000 sentences for the original voice of Siri. To create synthetic voice technology, you read out a range of sentences. Speech scientists extract the phonemes [units of sound that distinguish one word from another] to create algorithms for the words that tell you which phonemes have to go to make it sound human.

"I hear my voice everywhere, from the announcements at King's Cross station to any time I take a taxi with a Sat Nav. I even get nuisance phone calls from my own voice, calling to sell me PPI. Very few people get to tell themselves to eff off and mean it.

"If you do that as a technology company, it's a good idea to tell the person whose voice you used. Apple didn't, and I only learned I was Siri from watching Rory Cellan-Jones demonstrate it on *BBC Breakfast*.

"I was replaced as the voice of Siri a year ago because I'd been identified as a real person. But if you have your iPhone read anything back to you, that's my voice. I'm still in your pocket."

Jon is founder of voiceover agency Excellent Talent (excellenttalent.com). Follow him on Twitter @voiceofsiri

BATTLE OF BITS

If there's one thing Jon hates, it's quickfire questions as if he were Siri. So we asked him some. And then put them to Siri…



Q: Are you a real person?
JON: A lot more real than Siri is. I can hug and kiss and warm up your feet in bed. Try doing that with your iPhone.
SIRI: I'll leave that for you to decide.

Q: Will we die alone?
JON: No, I'll always be there with you… Whether you like it or not. Like fungus.
SIRI: We come into existence alone, and we leave it alone, so you are not alone there.

Q: Would you rather be a dog that could talk or a human that barks?
JON: A talking dog, then I can win *Britain's Got Talent*.
SIRI: I found this on the web for 'Would you rather be a dog that could talk on the human that box'.

Q: What is love?
JON: …anyway? Does anybody love anybody anyway? (H Jones, 1984).
SIRI: As I understand it, love refers to a deep, tender, ineffable feeling of affection and solicitude.

2009

YES WE CAN!



Modern times got that bit more modern on 20 January 2009 – a day when real life human being AND politician Barack Obama became the first black president of the USA. His election ushered in a new era in global politics; a new era where the leader of the Free World can totally do things like make jokes with Justin Timberlake and sing Al Green's *Let's Stay Together* in perfect pitch at political rallies.

2008

HIP-HOP CAN KICK ROCK'S ARSE



When it was announced that Jay Z would be headlining the main stage at Britain's biggest festival in place of more traditional, guitar-based fare, the music world went mental. We spoke to Glasto's Emily Eavis about the fallout:

"In my experience there's always been a bit of controversy about the headliners at Glastonbury. Even with all the thousands of other things going on, people link the festival year to that Saturday-night slot – that's why it's such a huge gig.

"Looking back, Jay Z was the perfect choice. He had the hits, the presence and the confidence to tackle the Pyramid stage full on.

"I was in the crowd and the triple-whammy of his opening film, *Wonderwall* singalong and a live band playing *99 Problems* ensured a home run in the first five minutes. We didn't have Twitter back then, but I think I've still got the texts: 'He's done it… This is amazing!'"

2010

THE SKY'S NOT EVEN NEAR THE LIMIT



When it comes to aggressive displays of wealth, the city of Dubai has always been a balls-on-the-table kind of city. But then it built the Burj Khalifa, a monstrous, 2,716ft erection that stands higher than any other on Earth. This is just the beginning; building envy has already inspired other cities to build even more imposing symbols of tumescent glory, like Saudi Arabia's planned mile-high Jeddah Tower.

2011

A WEDDING CAN MELT THE MOST CYNICAL OF HEARTS

FHM's resident grump Tom Ward explains why Wills and Kate's big day wasn't all that bad

"It's not for me, coerced national pride, especially when it comes to the Royals. I couldn't care less about my grandma's plate collection. My tea towels don't have Diana on them.

"The Royal Wedding was an excuse to exercise my cynicism at BBC presenters gushing outside Westminster Abbey, or the Prime Minister pretending he has a soul.

"But then the big day kicked off and I felt a warm glow in my chest. The Queen looked a bit like my gran in a new hat. The nun next to Wills wore Reebok Classics. As I saw Liz and family up on the balcony, I couldn't help but whisper, 'You're alright. You're alright.'"



2012

BRITAIN MIGHT ACTUALLY BE REALLY GOOD AT SPORT

The nation got even more patriotic in 2012 when the Olympics came to London. Boxer Anthony Ogogo won a bronze medal for Team GB – we grabbed him for a chat about what the bloody hell that felt like…

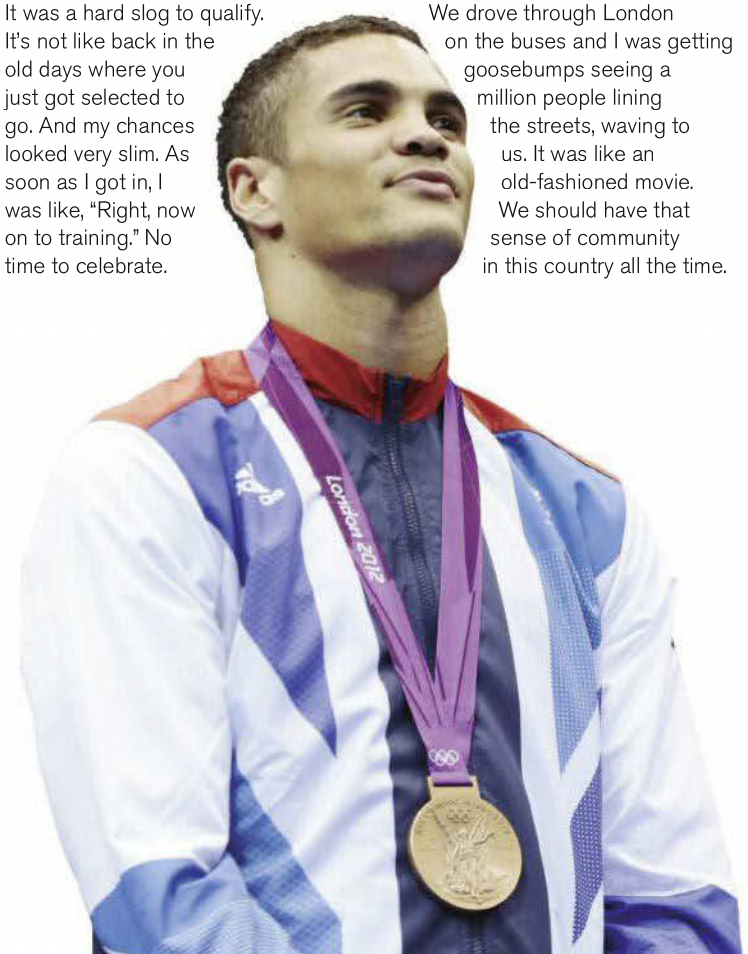
How difficult was qualifying for the Olympics?
It was a hard slog to qualify. It's not like back in the old days where you just got selected to go. And my chances looked very slim. As soon as I got in, I was like, "Right, now on to training." No time to celebrate.

Was it a big deal being the first British boxer to fight at the London Olympics?
I'd boxed in front of big crowds before, but I'd never boxed in an environment like that, where every single person wanted me to win. Even Prince Philip was in the front row cheering me on.

What was your hardest fight?
Fighting the world champion, Evhen Khytrov. He was a shoe-in for the gold. I beat him, but it took so much out of me, I never fully recovered. If he'd been my last fight, in the final, I would have won.

But you're happy with your bronze medal?
I'm still a little bit bitter about it. I was the best fighter there and was disappointed that I didn't get silver or gold. If I had, I would have achieved what I wanted in the sport, but bagging bronze kept me hungry.

What was it like, knowing the whole country was behind you?
We drove through London on the buses and I was getting goosebumps seeing a million people lining the streets, waving to us. It was like an old-fashioned movie. We should have that sense of community in this country all the time.



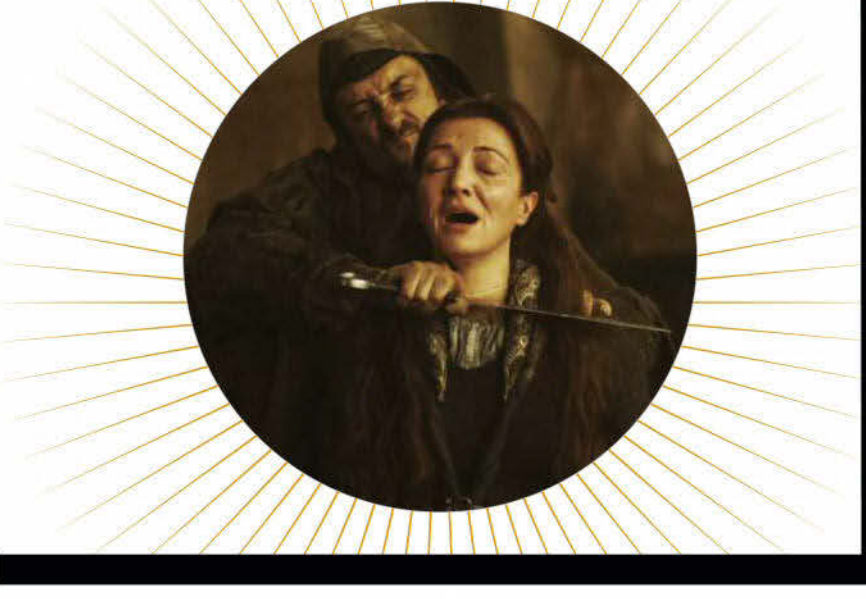
2013

YOU CAN'T TRUST A BOLTON

The biggest betrayal in television history happened in 2013, when *Game Of Thrones'* hero Robb Stark was killed off at his own wedding, along with his mother and pregnant wife. To right some wrongs, we spoke to Clive Russell, who plays Robb's uncle Brynden 'The Blackfish' Tully – a man out for revenge…

The episode was a great excuse for book readers to get all smug about knowing what was going to happen for ages. Were you one of them?
No, I had never read the books, thankfully. The script is my bible and when I read that, I was in shock. Why are they killing all the good guys?
Your character didn't die, but it was the last we saw of him for a while. What was the mood like on set?
It was very sad. The arrival at the wedding involved long, gruelling days. Shooting the wedding itself was fine, although the music was very spooky.
Have you ever survived anything by nipping out to the loo?
I don't think so, but I did once narrowly avoid being squashed against my car by a bus that came a bit too close.
If you had your way, who'd sit on the Iron Throne?
Liam Cunningham's character, the Onion Knight. He's a tough and worldly man.
Which other actors do you wish you'd had a scene with?
David Bradley, who plays Walder Frey. I'd love it to be a scene about his grisly demise. If only…





2014

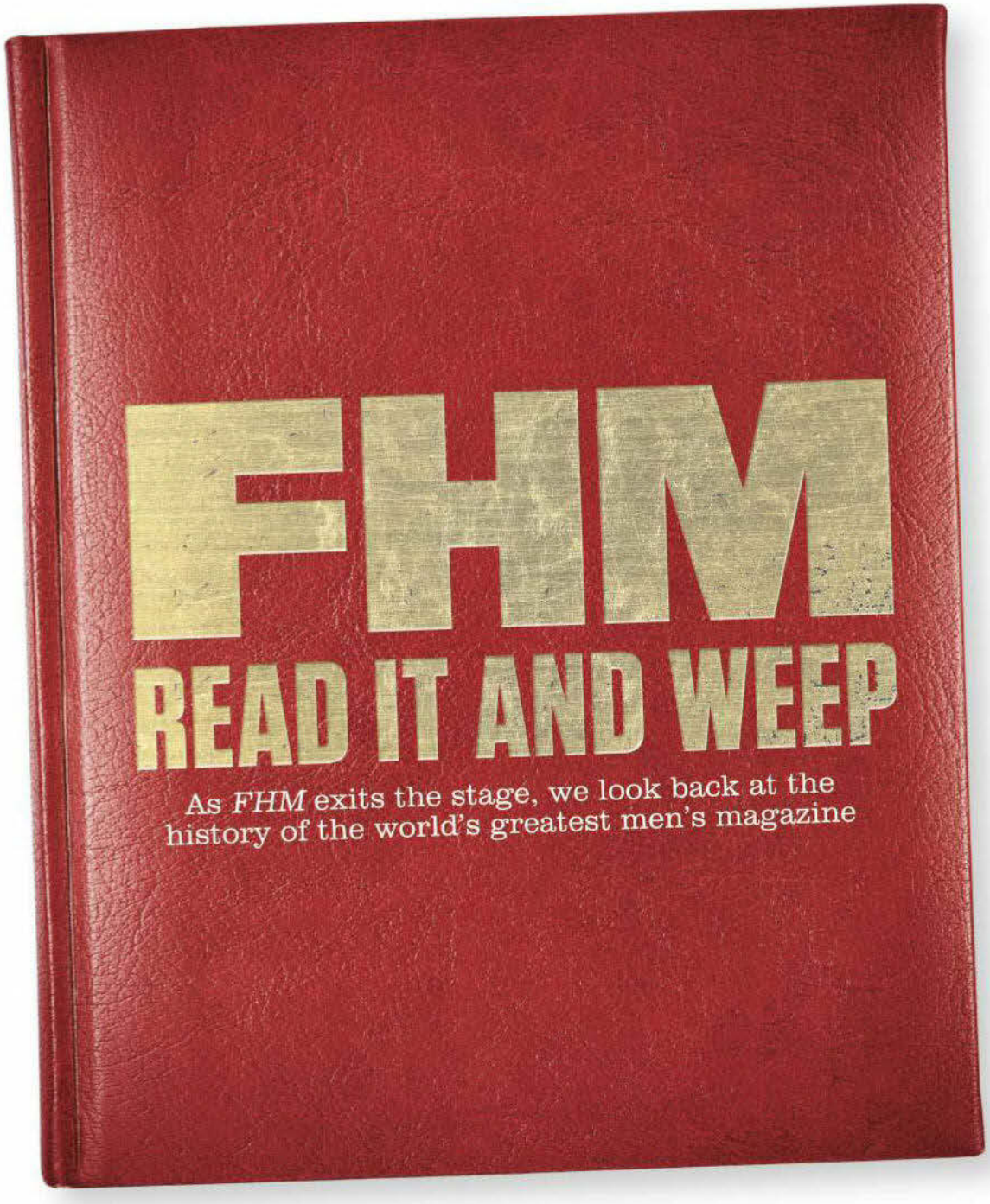
SELFIE'S THE WORD

Oxford English Dictionary's word of 2013 was a sprawling, multi-headed monster by 2014, led by Earth's one-true queen of selfies Kim Kardashian (she later wrote a 'book' entitled *Selfish*). But in May 2014, the word was cemented into mini-screen lore when Merriam-Webster, America's best-known keeper of words, declared it legitimately sayable. Now, no one can criticise you for having 40 almost identical snaps of yourself pouting into a full-length mirror on your phone. Because selfies are a 'thing', like religion or furniture.

2015

NOTHING LASTS FOREVER





If you're trying to understand *FHM*'s phenomenal success, there are two phrases that underpin every issue: "Is it useful?" and "Is it funny?" Add in incredible journalism and pictures of the world's most beautiful women and you've got a product that's defined everything good about being a bloke over the past two decades.

When a great cultural institution dies – remember how gutted you were when *My Family* ended? – its passing must be marked. And as it's us that's getting the bullet, we're devoting the next 10 pages to *FHM*.

So, whether you're a new reader or a returning one (and, seriously, that paunch actually makes you look more dignified), here's our tribute to the greatest magazine that ever walked the face of this Earth.

100 SEXIEST WOMEN IN THE WORLD

From supermodels to *Bake Off* hotties, welcome to the planet's best beauty contest

The world was a different place in 1995. The former Yugoslavia was aflame, the Gallagher brothers were on speaking terms and Nick Leeson was busted for his mischief at Barings Bank. But even more dramatic events were taking place at the *FHM* offices, as the inaugural poll took place to determine the world's 100 sexiest women. The votes were counted and German model Claudia Schiffer came first.

That said, it wasn't just about the top spot. Looking through early polls, you can see Victoria before she was a Beckham and the varying fortunes of the Minogue sisters, while you're transported to a time when the likes of Lisa Faulkner and Claire Goose (nope, us neither) captured our hearts.

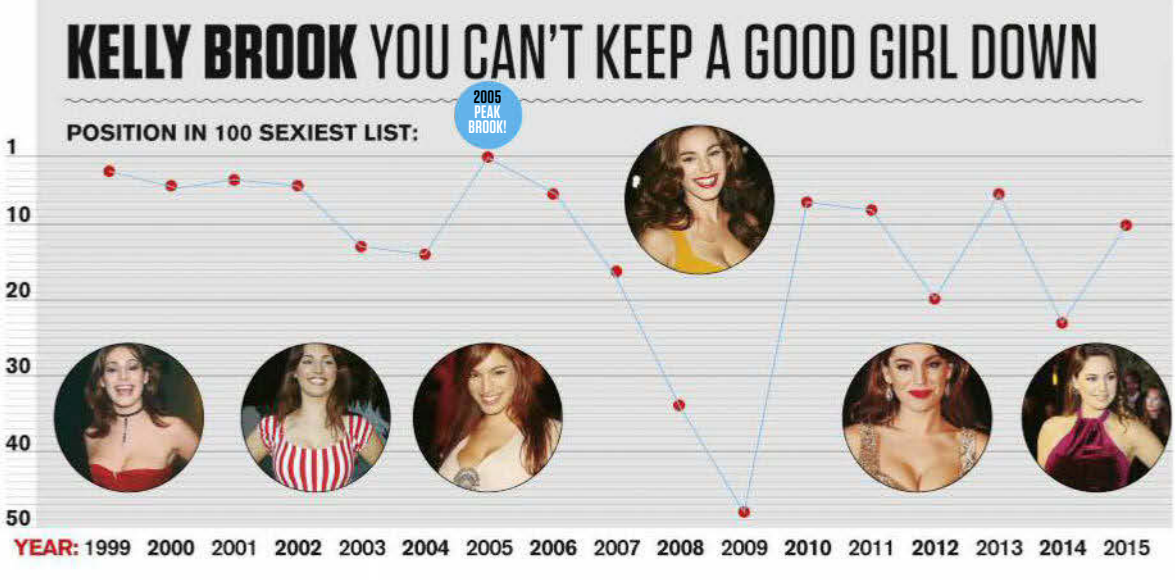
The winners themselves were incredibly varied, too. *X-Files* actress Gillian Anderson was the thinking man's choice in 1996; J-Lo was the first double winner in 2001; and both tennis players (Anna Kournikova, 2002) and soap stars (Michelle Keegan, 2015) also came top.

The annual poll served as an accidental history of everything from music to light entertainment – it's easy to forget how awash the early '00s were with crop tops and how much we loved the women of Steps.

So now, as the light dims and *FHM* prepares for Valhalla, we present this heritage to future historians. As they bend the knee to their insect overlords, we're pretty sure of one thing: they'll look at the 100 Sexiest supplements and conclude the past 20 years were a cracking time to be alive.



KELLY BROOK YOU CAN'T KEEP A GOOD GIRL DOWN



WORDS: ANTHONY TEASDALE, ANDY JONES, ANDREW LOWRY. PHOTOGRAPHY: MARCO VITTUR, REX FEATURES, SHUTTERSTOCK, MARC VAN DALEN, JOHNWRIGHTPHOTO.COM, FLORENCE KEYS, PA PHOTOS, DAVID EMERY, DAN MEDHURST, NATHAN GALLAGHER, WILL BRERETON



RACHEL STEVENS

It's *FHM*'s Sexiest Woman Of All Time

Few women have contributed more to *FHM* than Rachel Stevens – pop siren, cover star and, as voted by you, Sexiest Woman Of All Time. Here, she waves her final goodbye...

Hi Rachel! You were on the cover of *FHM* 11 times...
How amazing is that? The moment *FHM* got in touch I was always like, "Oh hello again! Of course we can do a shoot!"

Tell us about your first shoot in 2000.
In S Club 7, we basically lived in shiny, baggy trousers and crop tops. *FHM* was a chance to show off and be an adult. It's been a huge part of my life.

So, what was so good about hanging around with us geeks?
I loved that you let me do my shoots in a sensual, not raunchy, overtly sexy way. I like being womanly, but not outrageous. You don't know how nice it is to feel like that. You treated me so well!

Our readers crowned you Sexiest Woman Of All Time. Have you got it on your business cards yet?
I've never considered myself sexy or especially beautiful. It's ridiculous, but I think about it when I have a massive spot in the middle of my head and I don't want to leave the house!

Finally, are any of your *FHM* covers hanging in your downstairs loo?
I'll definitely get them out to show the grandchildren – I want them to see how good I looked! And that's all down to you guys – thank you so much *FHM* for all your love and support over the years. I enjoyed every minute.

THE HIGH STREET HONEYS

Britain's beautiful girls next door were given the platform they deserved with the original *real* girls competition



Before High Street Honeys, normal women – as opposed to models – had never really been in men's magazines. *FHM* changed that.

From 2002, aspiring cover models submitted photos, readers voted for their favourite and a girl was crowned the winner in a glossy annual magazine.

Natalie Pike, now 32, was victorious in 2004. Here, she tells us how High Street Honeys changed her life (and ours).

"It was two minutes that changed everything. My then-boyfriend and me were both mad *FHM* readers. He said, 'You should enter this,' and took a picture of me on the bed. It was 2004, I was 21, and in those days you still had to wait to get photos developed, so I didn't even know if they were good.

"The only women who ever appeared on magazine covers were big stars already. High Street Honeys was an incredible outlet for ordinary girls.

"When I won, I remember rushing to the shop and tearing through the magazine to make sure I was in it. I went from a film student worrying about what I was going to do next to flying to Japan, Australia and America with *FHM*.

"When High Street Honeys was big, I couldn't walk down the street. Women's toilets were the most common place to get stopped – girls loved the idea of High Street Honeys. Mostly they just wanted to see a little piece of your life – what being an *FHM* cover girl was like."



AS VOTED BY YOU!

OUR BEST EVER COVERS

You voted in your thousands – now, the results are in...

FHM readers have incredible taste. While buyers of other magazines can barely tell the time without getting a stroke, *FHM* chaps spend their leisure time reciting poetry and eating pretentious food in restaurants named after French rivers. So who better to judge the best ever *FHM* cover?

A few weeks back, we put a selection of our covers on the *FHM* Facebook page and asked you which was your favourite. You argued, you made jokes and you did that thing where you copy your mate's name in but don't say anything. But most of all, you voted – in your thousands.

The runaway winner was the Britney Spears cover from July 1999, which got twice as many votes as its nearest rival, 2008's Megan Fox cracker. In third place was the Pixie Lott cover, also from 2009, which showed her in front of a big speaker.

Someone – probably a person with too much time on their hands – said you shouldn't judge a book by its cover. Happily, for publications like ours, that's not the case. We have the best covers, because we're the best magazine.



HERE ARE THE RESULTS IN FULL...





















01 **Britney Spears** *Jul 1999*
02 **Megan Fox** *Jul 2008*
03 **Pixie Lott** *Oct 2009*
04 **Gillian Anderson** *Apr 1996*
05 **Holly Willoughby** *Nov 2008*
06 **Gail Porter** *Jun 1999*
07 **Jennifer Aniston** *Sep 1996*
08 **Rachel Stevens** *Jul 2014*
09 **Pamela Anderson** *Mar 1996*
10 **Carmen Electra** *May 2004*

"I WAS AN FHM COVER STAR... AND I LOVED IT!"

Helen Flanagan reminds us why *FHM* has always been the best magazine to appear in



"When I was younger, I really wanted to be in *FHM* – so it was a dream come true when I was asked to do a cover shoot. Every cover star – whether they were an actress, a singer or a model – looked really beautiful and powerful.

"When I started on *Coronation Street*, some of the girls there had done it already and it looked a laugh. The first one I did was just after I'd been on *I'm A Celebrity*... I loved it!

"I'm really proud of those shoots and have saved lots of stuff for my little girl, though she'll probably cringe when I show them to her a few years down the line. When she sees my little *FHM* award for Highest Placing Brit in 100 Sexiest she'll probably just go, 'Oh for heaven's sake, Mum!'

"Weirdly, I'm actually probably in better shape now than when I did my covers – though it probably worked out better for the magazine that I was a little curvier. Right, boys?"



"I DID UNSPEAKABLE THINGS IN THE NAME OF LOVE"



Grub Smith, writer of *FHM*'s notorious sex column Laboratory Of Love, looks back on his days as expense-account swordsman

"I am a physically unappealing man. But during my time at *FHM*, I slept with about 30 beautiful women, all of them way out of my league, and most of them paid for on expenses. It was Hugh Grant's fault.

"In 1995, the star of *Four Weddings And A Funeral* was arrested by LA police for picking up a hooker. What made the incident even more shocking was that – without wishing to appear ungallant – the lady in question wasn't exactly a looker. Yet Grant was dating Elizabeth Hurley, a sex symbol and cover star who was at the very height of her powers. What the hell was he thinking?

"At our next features meeting, we decided to find out. One of us would have to sleep with a prostitute, and as the only member of our editorial team who was currently single, it would have to be me. I duly located a brothel (no easy task for an innocent young man in those pre-internet days), did what I needed to, and reported back.

"The response from readers was surprisingly good, and we realised we'd stumbled on a whole new way of writing about sex and relationships. Up until then, most magazines employed a female agony aunt who'd spout the usual guff about 'setting the scene with scented candles' or how important cuddling was, but we were now offering insights that were based on actual experience.

"Each month in Laboratory Of Love, I was sent out into the field to investigate the world of sex. Had I been some sort of ripped Adonis, I think it would have come across as boastful and died an instant death but, for once, my failings as a lover were a positive advantage.

"My short stature, my wobbling belly and my comical penis (no larger than the toffee log in a tin of Quality Street) gave the writing an everyman appeal, as did the fact that I was more often than not the victim rather than the beneficiary of what went on beneath the sheets. In my first year, I was subjected to an ice-cold white wine enema, humiliated by a dominatrix, and penetrated by an ex-girlfriend gleefully equipped with a large rubber strap-on penis.

"Of course, there were some good moments as well. I had a fling with a Page 3 girl, got invited to some tasteful orgies and quite a few famous people, mistaking me for a bona fide expert, opened up about their sexual proclivities. Jordan once showed me her vagina (the pubic hair was russet brown, and groomed into two long wispy curls, rather like the locks of hair you see on the side of a orthodox Jewish boy's forehead), while her future beau Peter Andre shared his hottest love-making tip: 'When you're going down on a girl, slide half an Alka-Seltzer up there and when it starts to froth, put an ice cube in. Bingo, every time!'

"The main thrills, however, came from the readers themselves. Our postbag was filled with guys sharing their secrets. It was like Reddit, only written in ink with stamps attached.

"One philanthropist advised getting your girlfriend to put green vegetable dye on her fingertips before masturbating, thus turning the clitoris into 'a target nobody could miss'. Another sent in some line drawings of his penis wrapped in wads of cotton wool that were held in place first by rubber bands, then by a condom. Not only would this 'add the sensation of girth for her', he claimed, but the wadding would delay your orgasm and the rubber bands would trap blood in your member, thus keeping it 'big and hard for ages'.

"Looking back, I can see we were operating in a time of innocence, free of Tinder and sexting and the lurid pleasures of the internet. But if *FHM* managed to make men's sex lives a little easier to cope with – and laugh at – we were doing our job properly."





THE LABORATORY OF LOVE'S CRAZIEST COLUMNS

ARE YOU BRITAIN'S BEST SHAG?

The plan was simple. Get *FHM*-reading couples to come to a London hotel to take part in a highly 'scientific' experiment to prove who was best at 'doing sex'. A female journalist and I watched them go from foreplay to full sex, and rated them on categories like 'orgasm control' and 'number of positions used'. The tie-breaker involved us whispering a secret word to the men, who then had to 'write' it on their partner's clitoris during cunnilingus by spelling out the letters with their nimble tongues.

GRUB SMITH VS THE LESBIAN

Quickly realising that I was too incompetent in the sack to give anyone proper advice, the magazine hired a back-up columnist called Athena Douris. A cute American lesbian, she shared all the tricks she had learned about bringing women to a frenzy. Sadly, the magazine went too far when we challenged her to see how good she'd be in bed with a man – namely, me. Throughout the ensuing night in bed, she wore the look of someone who had simultaneously witnessed a nasty car accident and sucked a lemon, and described my penis as "looking like a dog's".

THE WORLD IN BED

For my final column, the editor suggested that I have sex, all at once, with a woman from every continent on the globe. High-class hookers were sourced from escort agencies, and I went on a strict yogurt and no-masturbation diet for a week in preparation for the feat ahead. On the day, the representative of South America didn't show up, and – more disastrously – Africa bought a bag of cocaine with her. A few toots too many rendered my penis incapable, and I had to lie there in bed while the six of them fruitlessly toiled to bring it to life. By the end of the two hours, it looked like a Walnut Whip and they were talking about clothes. On the plus side, the *FHM* accounts department did frame my expenses claim: '£2,000 for cocaine and hookers'.

FHM'S GREATEST HITS

Because alongside the silliness came 'proper' journalism...

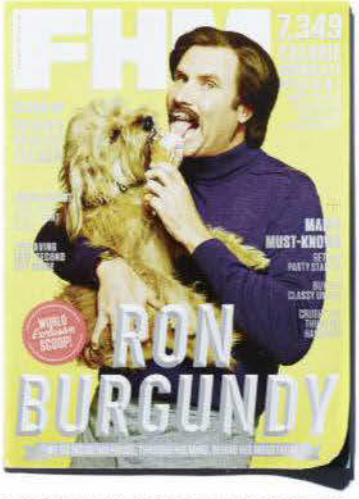
Since 1994, we've done our best to keep our readers entertained, even – alright, especially – if it's meant humiliation, professional suicide or personal injury on our part. Goodness knows we've deserved it.

Of course, the upside to that is that in-between the hospital visits, arrests and threatening phone calls, we've also managed to meet some of the most beautiful women in the world – no small feat when you boast looks as 'unusual' as ours.

So, in absolutely no special order – we're not very good with counting and that – here's a selection of our favourite moments from the *FHM* archive...

WE WATCHED RON BURGUNDY FEED ICE CREAM TO HIS DOG BAXTER AND STUCK IT ON THE COVER

Well, no one else was going to do it.



WE PROJECTED *THAT* PICTURE

In 1999, we stuck an image of TV presenter Gail Porter on to the Houses Of Parliament. The corresponding issue sold over a million copies. Heady times, friends.



WE TOLD INCREDIBLE STORIES

In 2015 alone, we broke bread with desperate Calais migrants and charted the course of terrorism across modern life through eyewitness accounts. Special mention goes to August's Death Of A Soldier feature – an emotional account into the inner dilemmas that compelled Barnsley-born Marine Kosta Scurfield, 25, to die fighting alongside Kurdish rebels, the first Brit to lose his life doing so.



WE WENT THROUGH HELL

We volunteered to undergo the 'enhanced interrogation' techniques that had made US prison camp Guantanamo Bay so infamous.

Former *FHM* staffer Justin Quirk says, "Within two minutes of me refusing to talk, it descended into three massive blokes screaming in my face, furniture being lobbed round the room and a hood being put over my head. At that point, regardless of whether you 'logically' know you won't die, it's terrifying.

"Several others went through more hardcore stuff: mock 'pushing off rooftops', car engines being revved right next to their heads and, in one particularly deranged case, multiple waterboardings."

WE WENT WHERE THE ACTION WAS

FHM has infiltrated an illegal fighting ring in Newcastle, got into scraps with wrestlers and visited Chernobyl barely after it got the all clear.



WE DRESSED, UNDRESSED, THEN DRESSED 50 CENT AGAIN – ALL IN UNDER 20 MINUTES

Mr Get Rich Or Die Tryin' nearly killed our fashion team by turning up an hour-and-a-half late for a two-hour shoot for *FHM* Collections. Still, he showed us the shrapnel embedded in his mouth from when he was nearly murdered – and not many men dressed head-to-toe in pink Topman can do that.



WE PLAYED MATCHMAKER

In 2000, reader Tom Wedgwood took on our 100 World's Greatest Adventures – number 93 being a camel derby in northern Kenya where tourists can take part in a camel race against locals.

Tom says, "Your article promised the rewards of a sore arse and an unbeatable anecdote, and it wasn't wrong… I also met a hot American photographer. When I left Kenya, a long-distance romance ensued. Over the years, that distance has got shorter. We're now married!"





WE WENT NECK-DEEP INTO WEIRD

FHM helped us to master our inner oddball over the decades. We dressed pigs in lingerie, convinced attractive women to craft their ideal penis out of clay and were the first journalists to visit China's 'dwarf empire', a habitat exclusively made up of performing dwarves. *FHM* remembers the craziest part was all the sex – most of them had never had an adult relationship, meaning a no-locked-doors policy was in operation. Ours stayed firmly shut.



WE BECAME BEST MATES WITH COOL BLOKES (SORT OF)

Look, we're not going to say we're cool, but sometimes – when famous fellas have something to promote – they give us a ring. We've chewed the fat with the likes of Matt Damon, Brad Pitt, Daniel Craig, Cristiano Ronaldo, David Beckham and anyone else who you'd cross the pub to chat to. We're proud to say they trusted us – Example even let us hold his baby. Until it cried, then we gave it back.

OUR GREATEST COVER LINES

"I DON'T LIKE THE WEATHER: CHANGE IT"
The absurd lives of the filthy rich

"HOW DARE YOU BESMIRCHIFY ME!"
We get shouted at by Don King

"YOU'RE SHARING WITH TYSON"
Inside the world's hardest jail

WE WENT ON A MAIDEN FLIGHT

We've handled humanity's most lethal killing machines – tanks, bombs, guns, bazookas – but better still, we've got to play with bigger toys such as the plane of Iron Maiden's Bruce Dickinson. Heavy metal hero, qualified pilot, internationally recognised fencer, novelist and now builder of aircrafts – there aren't many better *FHM* blokes than Bruce.



style news



Well worth the investment

WINTER STYLE

THE JACKET OF A LIFETIME

If you're going to lay down some serious dosh for a winter jacket, it should be one you'll be digging out year after year. This incredible coat from Stone Island is just that. What makes it so special? First, there's the exterior, which is made from a colourless translucent water- and wind-resistant film. Underneath is a shearling inner-jacket that will keep you toasty no matter what the conditions, plus windproof flaps on the pockets and a fur-lined hood.

If all that's not enough – and quite frankly it should be – the outer shell has been dyed using a technique that allows the film to take on numerous shades without losing its transparency. The question is not can you afford to buy this jacket, but can you afford not to?

Price on application, stoneisland.co.uk

IT BRAND

BOW DOWN TO BEEN TRILL

Kanye, Rihanna, Drake and Pusha T are all huge fans of US streetwear brand Been Trill, so we already know it's going to make big waves when it officially launches in the UK. Expect to see this badass label all over Instagram, new music videos and streetwear heads near you.
Tee, £40, beentrill.co.uk



Hotline bling in this

LOUNGEWEAR

TO BORG AND BACK

Björn Borg's awesome activewear range is soon becoming as legendary as his skills on the tennis court. And now the brand has ventured into space to bring you an astrology-based collection full of fashion-forward pieces that can still be worn outside of the gym. We love the '90s-inspired joggers with a logo strip – wear them with a tee and trainers for a suitably stylish Sunday look.
Joggers, £70; tee, £40; shorts, £50; boxers, £32 for two, all bjornborg.com



TRAINERS

SNEAKER HEAVEN

Saucony never fails to deliver tasty trainers. And this month sees the launch of the coffee pack, a trio of buttery suede sneakers in cafe colours. We're digging the black pair, which e as invigorating as a shly made Americano.
10 each, saucony.com



WORDS: DAISY DEANE. PHOTOGRAPHY: MARCO VITTUR


NORTHERN
STARS



Take inspiration from all things Nordic this winter – the super

Styling: Carlotta Constant **Photography:** Rebecca Naen
Illustration: Chris at Allcity **Model:** Jay Heist at Nevs Models



WITH THANKS TO KEX ICELAND



PREVIOUS SPREAD: Coat, £295, reiss.com. Top, £58, nudiejeans.com. Trousers, £75, iloveugly.co.uk. Hat, £39, nonconformistuk.com. Necklace, £47.99, hsamuel.co.uk. Socks, £12, reiss.com. Shoes, £95, drmartens.com

FAR LEFT: Coat, £135, Jasper Conran; jumper, £35, Mantaray; trousers, £25, Red Herring; shoes, £85, Jeff Banks; T-shirt, hat and socks all from a selection, all debenhams.com

LEFT AND BELOW: Jacket, £76, rascals.dk. Trousers, £210, tonsure.eu. Trainers, £59.99, Reebok at footlocker.co.uk





LEFT AND BELOW: Jacket, £15; T-shirt, £5; jeans, £10; hat, £8; socks, £4 for a pack of five; shoes, £14, all primark.com. Necklace, stylist's own

RIGHT: Jacket, £210, wonhundred.com. Top, £37.50, Huf at flatspot.com



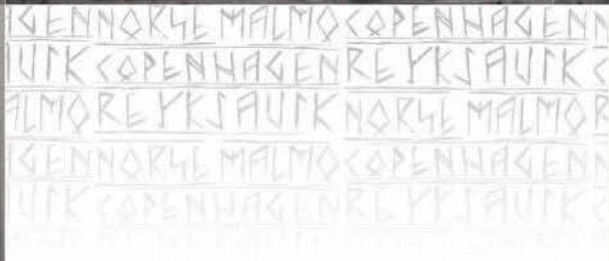
BELOW: Jersey, £85; shirt, £79, both iloveugly.co.uk. Tee, £6.99, hm.com

RIGHT: Jacket, £19; jeans, £10; bag, £10; shoes, £14, all primark.co.uk

FAR RIGHT: Jumper, £220, Acne at mrporter.com. Top, £18, topman.com. Jeans, £75, bethnals.com. Hat, £50, whistles.com. Watch, £215, larssonandjennings.com. Bag, £169, sandqvist.net. Socks, £14, ralphlauren.co.uk. Shoes, £235, filippa-k.com

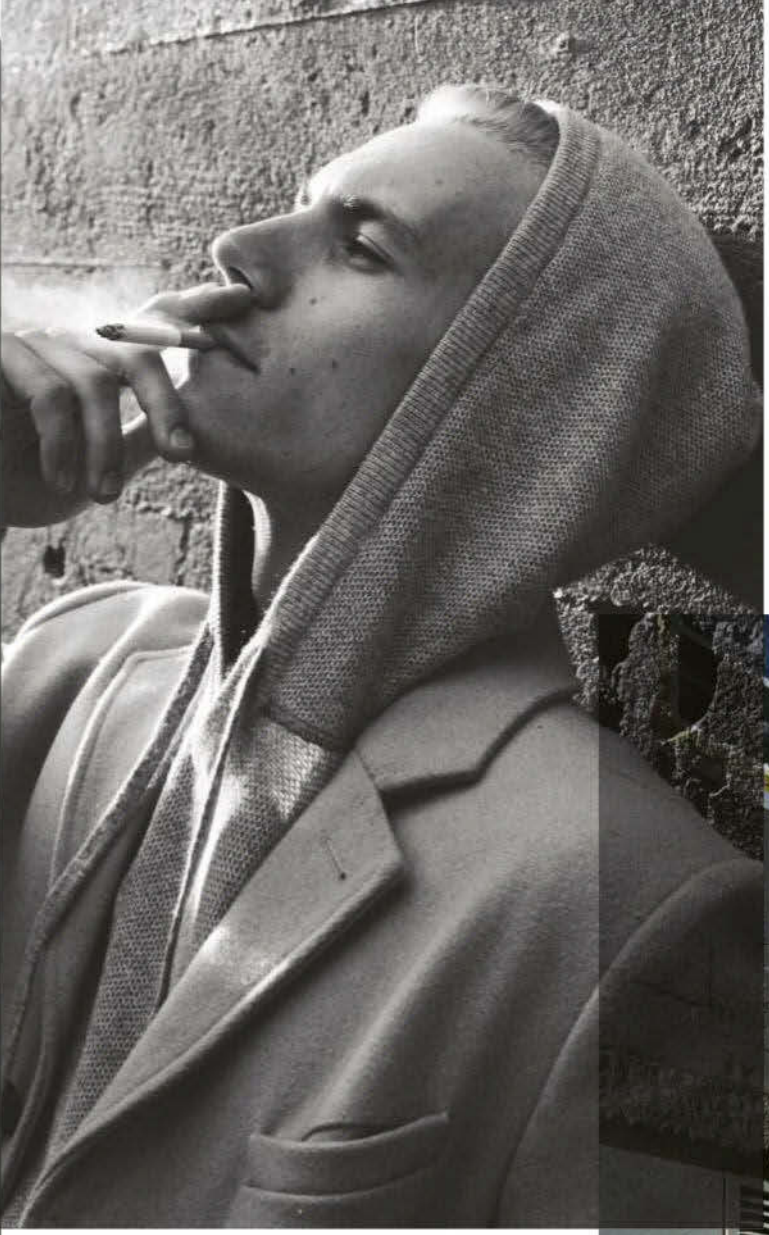












FAR LEFT: Coat, £90; jumper, £35; trousers, £20, all Red Herring; shirt, £38, Hammond & Co; hat, £20, J by Jasper Conran; boots, £80, all debenhams.com

LEFT: Coat, £90, topman.com. Jumper, £155, woolrich.eu

BELOW: Jacket, £525, wonhundred.com. Jumper, £117, apc.fr. Jeans, £190, 7 For All Mankind at selfridges.com. Trainers, £62, adidas.co.uk







THE DILEMMAS OF MAN

AM I DONNING THE RIGHT LOGOS?

Can't get your head round which labels to go for? Here's how to get it right



DON'T GO OVERBOARD

You don't need a 20-inch logo to stand out. This Fred Perry jacket is simple, understated and looks damn smart. Swap the tee for a checked shirt and you're sorted for Friday night.

DON'T FORGET HERITAGE BRANDS

Traditional brands such as Lyle & Scott make logo-wearing easy. Quality pieces like this grey polo shirt will still be going strong for years to come.

DO KEEP IT CLASSIC

The iconic 501s are a fail-safe classic. You just can't go wrong with Levi's jeans – unless you're putting them on backwards, that is.

DO GET YOUR KICKS

The original tennis shoes are back: Adidas Stan Smiths are subtle yet recognisable and go with everything. Instant street-cred in a shoe.

JACKET, £150, FRED PERRY AT URBANOUTFITTERS.CO.UK; TEE, £50, LYLEANDSCOTT.COM. JEANS, £80, LEVI.COM. TRAINERS, £67, ADIDAS AT URBANOUTFITTERS.CO.UK

THE NEWBIES



SOULLAND

Soulland's minimal logo sums up the Scandi brand – its basics are a must for your wardrobe.
£110, soulland.com



ROUX

The young London label is repped by the coolest kids, including our mate Example.
£40, weareroux.com



WOOD WOOD

Another go-to Scandi brand, which mixes high-end fashion and '90s-inspired streetwear.
£100, coggles.com

THE CLASSICS



STUSSY

Originally donned by skaters and surfers, this cool graffiti logo originated in the '80s.
£39.95, urbanindustry.com



THE NORTH FACE

Our go-to outdoor brand, founded in San Francisco in 1966, is *huge* at the moment.
£95, jdsports.co.uk



NIKE

Unless you've been hiding under a rock for the past 20 years, you'll know this tick.
£75, urbanoutfitters.co.uk

THE ORIGINALS



FILA

Fila isn't shy about its branding, and you shouldn't be either. Wear its logo with pride.
£60, fila.co.uk



LEE

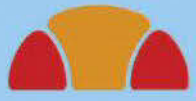
Established in 1889, Lee was originally a workwear brand. And it's only getting better with age.
£70, uk.lee.com



UMBRO

The official brand of football, Umbro's kitted out the biggest teams over the years.
£45, umbro.com

LOGOS UNCOVERED



ELLESSE

Ellesse's logo shows a half tennis ball, reflecting the brand's heritage in the sports clubs of Italy.



ADIDAS

The trefoil represents the world's three continental plates – and has been used since 1972.



BEATS

This brand's logo is a stylised side-view of a person wearing headphones. Who knew?



FRED PERRY

The laurel wreath is not only a historic emblem of excellence, it's also the old Wimbledon symbol.



LEVI'S

The logo shows a pair of horses trying to pull apart a pair of the infamous strong jeans.

WORDS: ZOE KOZLIK. PHOTOGRAPHY: MARCO VITTUR

PRODUCT

GYM BAG ESSENTIALS

New year, new you? When you're sweating your spuds out, do it in style



01 £12, primark.co.uk
02 £12, slydes.co.uk
03 £2.80, primark.co.uk
04 £169.95, beatsbydre.co.uk
05 £159, apple.co.uk
06 £99, timex.co.uk
07 £25, Nike at jdsports.co.uk
08 £1.50 each, primark.co.uk
09 £2, primark.co.uk
10 £3.60, waitrose.com
11 £33.33, Michael Kors at debenhams.com
12 £9.95, mr-blacks.com
13 £4, Nike at jdsports.co.uk
14 £5 for two, Nike at jdsports.co.uk
15 £8, primark.co.uk
16 £5, primark.co.uk
17 £30, lyleandscott.com
18 £2, primark.co.uk
19 £30, nike.com
20 £6, primark.co.uk
21 £29, bjornborg.com
22 £17.99, adidas.co.uk
23 £12, primark.co.uk



GET FIT AT HOME

No cash left for that gym membership? Fitness First's Chris Ward reveals how you can get fit at home

LEG RAISE

Stand directly behind a chair with both your hands on the top of its back. Starting with your right leg, keep your leg straight and squeeze from the bum to lift and raise it backwards. After 12 reps, switch legs and repeat. Carry out three sets, alternating legs.

PUSH-UP

From the normal push-up position, place the top of each foot on a chair as if someone is holding you off the ground. Complete eight regular push-ups followed by eight slow ones – four counts down and four counts up.

BICYCLE

Lie down on your back with your knees bent and your hands behind your head. Bring your right elbow in towards your left knee as you straighten your right leg. Continue, alternating sides as if you're pedalling.

SUPERMAN

Lie face down with your arms and legs extended. Keeping your torso as still as possible, simultaneously raise your arms and legs to form a small curve in your body. Carry out five reps and hold each one.

BURPEE

Start out in a low squat position with your hands on the floor. Next, kick your feet back to a push-up position, complete one push-up, then return your feet to the squat position. Leap up as high as possible before squatting and moving back into a push-up.

WORDS: DAISY DEANE. PHOTOGRAPHY: MARCO VITTUR

TEXTURED TRAINERS

Bog-standard leather just won't suffice when you can wear something more touchy-feely on your feet



01 £10, primark.co.uk
02 £120, clarks.co.uk
03 £65, malletfootwear.com
04 £110, adidas.co.uk
05 £135, filippa-k.com
06 £64.99, offspring.co.uk
07 £110, Nike at jdsports.co.uk
08 £100, adidas.co.uk
09 £60, Puma at office.co.uk
10 £99, Gourmet at drome.co.uk



PHOTOGRAPHY: MARCO VITTUR


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Thanks For The Memories!

GROOMING

COLD-WEATHER WONDERS

Winter isn't over yet, so invest in these miracle products that'll keep you looking and smelling good



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£42, blissworld.co.uk

FISH FISHFINGERS SHAPE DEFINING WAX
£3.99, Fish at boots.com

BULLDOG INTENSIVE 24HR MOISTURISER
£10, meetthebulldog.com

CK2 EAU DE TOILETTE
£30 for 50ml, Calvin Klein at debenhams.com

THE BLUEBEARDS REVENGE CLASSIC BLEND BEARD OIL
£9.99, bluebeards-revenge.co.uk

THE SHAVE DOCTOR PRE-SHAVE FACE SCRUB
£4.49, shavedoctor.co.uk

NEAL'S YARD REMEDIES PURIFYING PALMAROSA FACIAL WASH
£16, nealsyardremedies.com

PHOTOGRAPHY: MARCO VITTUR

upgrade

EDITED BY TOM WARD

Meet The SUPERHUMANS

INSPIRATIONAL ATHLETES TO HELP YOU AIM FOR GREATNESS IN 2016

LIFE IS SHORT AND THERE'S NO REWARD IN MEDIOCRITY. SURE, EVERYONE CAN RUN, SWIM OR LIFT WEIGHTS, BUT WE'RE NOT ABOUT HALF MEASURES. HERE, WE CELEBRATE THE MEN AND WOMEN WHO DECIDED TO CONQUER THE WORLD BY PUSHING THEMSELVES JUST THAT LITTLE BUT FURTHER

MASTER YOUR MIND



Master Wang Shi Heng Ying is a 32nd descendant of Shaolin Temple and Abbot of the Bamboo Forest Temple and Orphanage, all of which means he's the sort of guy you bow to when you meet and try to avoid eye contact with. To achieve inner peace and kung-fu mastery, we sat down to talk channelling both body and mind

"I was seven when I started training to become a student of the Abbot at the Shaolin temple. Along with the physical training, I was taught Zen Buddhism and philosophy, which gave me a deeper understanding of life.

"In this world, the impossible actually *is* possible. There are ways of getting there, but first you have to overcome your psychological barrier. The most difficult part is challenging yourself. Training every day is such a boring thing, but you have to find a way through the barriers you've set yourself.

"There's no age limit to start learning kung-fu. I know people who are training aged from two to 81. The easier a kung-fu trick looks, the harder it is to learn. Even a simple trick takes a lot of practice. Learning basic posture is the foundation. You have to sit like a giant barrel – heavy and strong. You have to stand upright like a pine tree. When you walk, you walk like the wind.

"The best part of the lifestyle of a Shaolin monk is the inner peace you receive. You learn the right way to meditate so you can block out the material world and leave behind temptations and anxiety. You have to love everything and everybody. Then you forgive things that ordinary people may not be able to forgive. By doing this, people can learn a lot.

"Everything is nothing. If you understand Zen Buddhism, you know that nothing matters. We believe that nothing really exists, so you should take everything easy and not be burdened. What is life? What is death? There is no such thing as death."

"SIT LIKE A BARREL. STAND LIKE A PINE TREE. WHEN YOU WALK, WALK LIKE THE WIND"



SHAOLIN IS AVAILABLE NOW ON DVD, BLU-RAY AND DIGITAL DOWNLOAD



SHAOLIN MYTHBUSTER

WHO?

The Shaolin are an ancient order of monks who train their bodies to perform logic-defying feats through a combination of Buddhism and Chinese martial arts.

WHAT?

Traditionally, 'kung-fu' referred to any study that required time, energy and patience. In the West, we thought it meant crazy karate-style flying kicks.

WHERE?

The Shaolin Temple was established 1,500 years ago in China's Zhengzhou Henan province by a spiritual master who travelled from India to spread Buddhist teachings.

DEFY EXPECTATIONS



At 4ft 10in, 21-year-old business management student Choon Tan has bagged the unofficial title of the UK's smallest bodybuilder

"I started bodybuilding just before my 18th birthday because I was insecure about myself and wanted to change my life. At the time, I was really depressed and having lots of bad thoughts. I didn't want to go to the doctor's, but bodybuilding helped clear my mind. It's easy to see the progress you make and it was good to have something I could take control of.

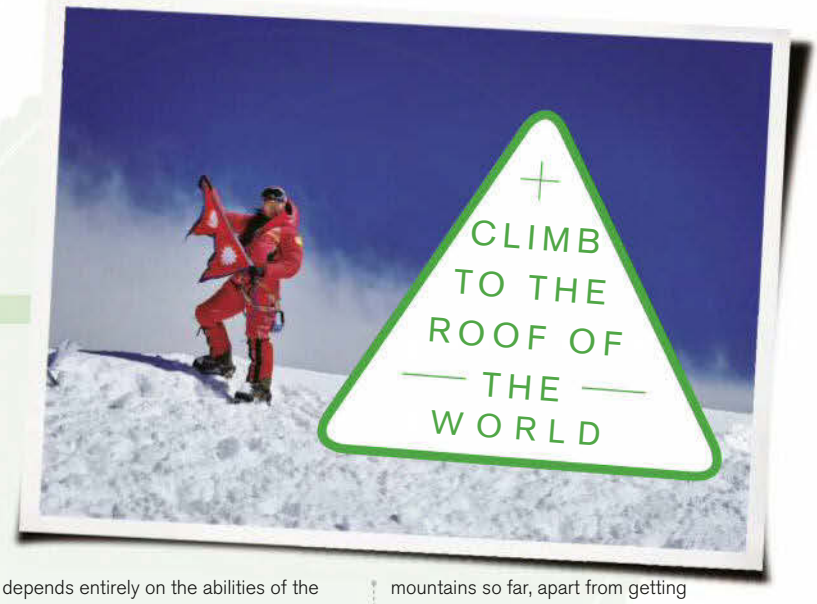
"When I started working out, everyone told me my physique was really good. A friend asked if I wanted to compete with him and I thought I'd give it a go. He taught me all the poses and helped me put together a routine to do on stage.

"The first time I had to cover myself in fake tan to show off my definition was definitely a strange feeling, but it's exhilarating to get on stage, basically naked, in front of hundreds of people to show your body off. Bodybuilding is an industry of growth, and about 95% of people I've met have been really helpful, but you do get the odd person who's a bit too narcissistic.

"I don't think women necessarily love the muscles, but they like the confidence that comes with it. It's quite hard to feel comfortable in your own skin if you aren't in the shape you want to be. I think body image is really important."

"IT'S EXHILARATING TO GET ON STAGE IN FRONT OF HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE TO SHOW YOUR BODY OFF"

"I PRAY TO THE MOUNTAIN GODS FOR THEIR PROTECTION AND FORGIVENESS"



Sherpas live in the mountainous regions of eastern Nepal and have naturally adapted to high-altitude conditions. In commercial expeditions, it's the Sherpa that goes ahead to fix ropes and haul supplies – often without essential supplemental oxygen. Pasang Lhamu Sherpa was the first female mountaineering instructor in Nepal and has conquered a number of Himalayan mountains, from Island Peak to Everest

"I began climbing at 18. I'm from Lukla, the main gateway for the Everest region, so I grew up around climbers and mountains.

"Leading clients up the mountain depends entirely on the abilities of the climbers, and the weather on the mountain. The most important thing to do before a climb is to get acclimatised at base camp. I use supplemental oxygen to climb once I get above 8,000m as the brain cells begin to die at this altitude and you can get into serious trouble.

"Fortunately, I've been lucky on mountains so far, apart from getting frostbite on my feet in 2011. Avalanches are the most dangerous thing as humans have no control over them. The scariest moment was being caught up in an avalanche at Everest base camp.

"Before attempting a climb, I pray to the mountain gods for their protection and forgiveness for stepping on the mountain."

Learn to Fly

While base jumping may be a relatively new sport, it already has a hero in the form of 45-year-old Brit Gary Connery, who has jumped from the Eiffel Tower, the London Eye and Nelson's Column, all without a parachute. But the defining moment came in 2012 when he leapt from a helicopter at 2,400ft, wearing only a custom-made wingsuit

"A guy I knew in the Army had pictures all over his locker of him base jumping and I became hooked. Six weeks later, I was on an accelerated free-fall skydiving course in Florida and three weeks after that I was base jumping.

"The recommendation is that people do about 200 skydives before they try base jumping, but there aren't any real laws governing it. If I was on a cliff and I saw someone clearly didn't know what they were doing, I'd try to stop them from jumping – if they die, it brings the sport a bad name. Experienced people need to look out for the inexperienced ones.

"The way everyone deals with the fear is different. My process is to accept it and allow the fear to flow through me. Before I jump, an icy calmness washes over me.

"If you're sensible, base jumping shouldn't be dangerous. For my helicopter jump, I designed a custom wingsuit on a napkin, then a friend made it. I tested the suit and we tweaked it until I was satisfied. I was totally confident it was going to work. On the day, I impacted at 69.8mph, without injury, only to cut my finger on a Coke can picking up litter afterwards.

"If I'm a little bit stressed, jumping is a great way of literally bringing me back to Earth. There's no room for bad thoughts."



"I ACCEPT THE FEAR AND AN ICY CALMNESS WASHES OVER ME"

NEED TO KNOW

BASE JUMP

"Base jumping is jumping from static objects without a parachute. Base is an acronym for building, antennae, spans (bridges) and earth (cliffs)."

WINGSUIT

"You can do wingsuit base jumping, where your specialised outfit helps you glide, or 'slick' base jumping, where you're wearing regular clothes."

PHOTOGRAPHY: JAMIE BELLHOUSE/ELITE FITNESS NETWORK, SHERPA ADVENTURE GEAR, KAREN SUTTON, GARY CONNERY, TIM BURTON, DAMIANO LEVATI/THE NORTH FACE, JAMES CARNEGIE, JIM JOHNSTON, MICK ROBERTSON-BROWN/FROGFISH, REX FEATURES

upgrade

Run 100 MILES A WEEK





"EVERY RUN YOU GO ON HAS THAT MOMENT OF STRUGGLING TO GET OUT THE DOOR"

While most of us struggle to lace up our trainers for a quick 30 minutes around the park, Jez Bragg, 34, runs distances you wouldn't attempt without a car, a full tank of fuel and a solid supply of digestives. He's best known for running the entire 3,054km length of New Zealand in just 53 days – including kayaking across the 22km Cook Strait

"I did a charity marathon in 2002 and it opened up the whole idea of keeping fit while covering large distances. I did my first ultramarathon in 2004 and quickly realised it was something I'd be doing for the rest of my life. No matter what your level of experience, every run you go on has that moment of struggling to get out the door. After a long day, most people want to relax, but as soon as you're a mile into the run, all the stress leaves your mind and you start to enjoy your surroundings.

"If you're going to run for five or six hours, you have to think about logistics. Vary your pace and walk a bit if you need to. If you're well fed and hydrated, you'll find you can cover much more distance. I'll run about 100 miles a week in the month or so before a race. I try to do eight miles in the morning and 10 in the evening.

"New Zealand was my toughest run. There was a massive adventure aspect to it, with a lot of unknowns from terrain to navigation. It drew upon more than basic fitness, which was part of the appeal."

ULTRAMARATHON-PROOF YOUR BODY

CORE

Modified bicycle crunches are a good place to start for core stability. Lay on your back with one leg held straight and the other knee drawn in towards your stomach. Place your hands behind your head and bring your shoulder across towards your knee. Swap legs, doing 50 on each side.

ANKLES

Scissor hops are a great way to strengthen your ankles. Start with one foot forward and one foot back, then jump up and swap your feet around. A set of 30 should do it.

LEGS

Avoid tight hamstrings by loosening up with pistol squats. With one leg held out straight, lower yourself down on the other, keeping your back straight. When your support leg is at 90 degrees, raise yourself back up and swap legs. Practising with a vertical pole for balance is recommended.

SWIM A COUNTRY





Deciding he'd had enough of the materialistic rat race, 30-year-old Sean Conway sold his business for £1 and embarked on a series of escapades, including a 900-mile, five-month swim along the British coast from Land's End to John O'Groats

"Attempting a world-first is tough. You've got all the naysayers telling you it's not possible, the waves are too big, there are killer whales, whirlpools, tides. No one had even attempted to swim the length of Great Britain, but I wanted to prove it was possible, so I decided to make it happen.

"I ended up only doing a few hours training a week in the pool. My advice for anyone wanting to take on a challenge would be to get your style down and get some miles in. Swimming is easy. You put one arm in front of another and you'll eventually get to where you want to be.

"On the coast swim, I was swimming for 90 minutes at a time, eating in-between. My coach said I should be eating 9,000 calories a day, which was almost impossible to fit in my stomach. The salt water got into my tongue, meaning I couldn't chew and my meals had to be blended up. I was constantly cold, losing energy and weight – I dropped down below 10st and lost almost all my body fat.

"I WANTED TO PROVE IT WAS POSSIBLE SO I DECIDED TO MAKE IT HAPPEN"

"Doing the swim required a lot of stubbornness and mental resilience, but when I was in the water it was a bit like going on a long drive down the motorway – you turn off for a while and just think about the destination.

"Overall, it took two-and-a-half months longer than I thought. The target I set was complete guesswork. Occasionally, the crew and I would come into shore and the locals would buy us all a pint, or give us crabs to eat or diesel for the boat, which was a huge moral boost when times were at their toughest.

"The swim bankrupted me, but in the weeks that followed I got a few sponsorship deals, which changed my life and has allowed me to go off and do new adventures. Anyone can do this. I'm not ex-Army. I'm not an Olympian. I didn't inherit loads of money. I'm just an everyman."

HELL AND HIGH WATER BY SEAN CONWAY IS OUT NOW (SEANCONWAY.COM)

Dive To The Ocean FLOOR



How long we can hold our breath for varies for person to person, but if you don't want to go blue in the face, we'd say one minute is about the limit. Rebecca Coales, 39, hasn't got time for limits, breaking the UK freediving record by swimming 179 metres in two-and-a-half minutes, without coming up for air

"The history of freediving goes back to people diving for pearls in Japan, but it's only been a competitive sport for 20 to 30 years. I compete in the pool discipline but I depth dive (swimming as deep as possible on one breath) recreationally.

"A lot of people come to the sport through scuba diving. I got to the point where I wanted to dive in without all the gear. I gave it a go in Egypt, and was hooked. In Britain, you can train in a swimming pool all year round.

"Just before I get in the water, I get nervous about how the dive's going to go and if I'll manage the distance. When I hit the water that disappears. There's a sense of quiet and I just focus on each stroke.

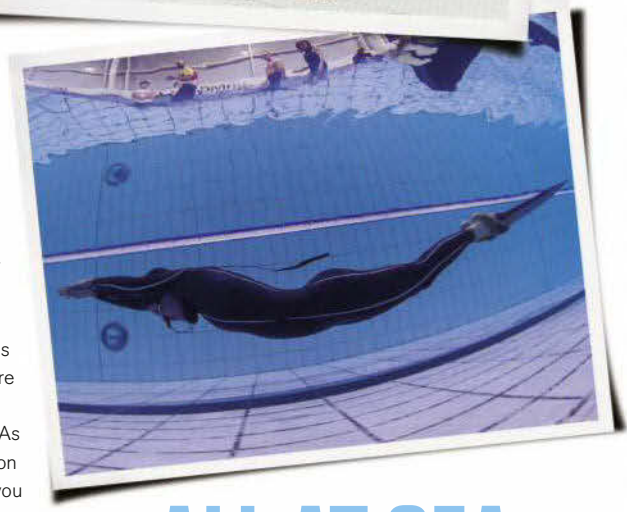
"As the dive goes on I'll get an urge to breathe. It might come a bit later than most people's, because of my training, but I still have to be tough with myself and push through it. The next part is overcoming the lactic acid build-up in the body. The lack of oxygen means you get a lot of burn in the legs. This makes your body heavier, so it's harder to swim.

"AS SOON AS YOUR VISION GETS BLURRY YOU HAVE TO COME UP AS THERE'S A RISK OF BLACKING OUT"

"The last part is being super-aware of how you're feeling mentally. As soon as your vision gets a bit blurry you have to come up as there's a huge risk of blacking out.

"Yoga taught me how to breathe efficiently. The technique is to slowly fill the lungs from the base to the top, using the yoga three-part breath. At the end I'll open my mouth to take another gulp. You feel really big, like you could float.

"I'd advise anyone who wants to start the sport to find a local instructor. The British Freediving Association is a good place to start."

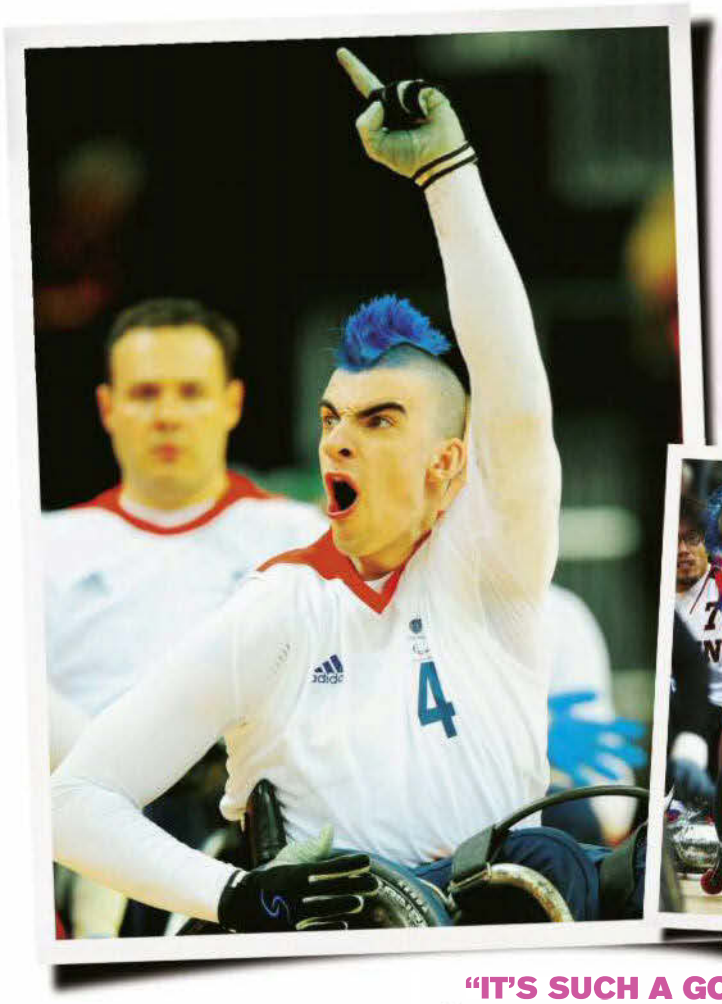


ALL AT SEA

"If you want to try freediving at sea, I'd recommend Porthkerris in Cornwall. There's a rock just offshore that makes a fairly safe bay to practise in. When you're feeling more confident, you can go out around the back, into deeper water."

VISIT BRITISHFREEDIVING.ORG

CONQUER YOUR DISABILITY





David Anthony, 26, was determined not to let a diagnosis of degenerative muscular dystrophy stand in the way of greatness. After playing wheelchair rugby for the Cardiff Pirates, Anthony was selected for the GB National Wheelchair Rugby team, competing at the 2012 Paralympics – where his blue mohawk made him a crowd favourite

"I was 14 when walking became impossible. I'd known it was coming so it was a slow transition compared to the people who suffer spinal injuries. So far my condition has only affected my legs, hands and shoulders, so I'm very lucky. I've always had an attitude that crap happens and you have to get on with it, and sport was a way for me to forget about my condition.

"I'm stuck pretty straight in the chair when I play, as there's not much lower back movement. It's quite painful, but I see my rugby chair as being for performance, not comfort. If I suffer for an hour and a half to play rugby, it's worth it. The best part is smashing into people.

"There was a lot of work involved in getting selected for Team GB. I'd only been playing for six years by the time 2012 came around. You work hard every day and it was a lot of time away from home.

"IT'S SUCH A GOOD FEELING WHEN YOU KNOCK SOMEBODY OUT OF THEIR CHAIR"

"I'm happy and excited when I'm on the court. I get a bit puffed up, screaming and celebrating. The adrenaline rush is the best – it's such a good feeling when you knock somebody out of their chair.

"My advice if you want to get into sports is to keep ploughing away. If you keep practising, things will start to click."

WHEELCHAIR HEROES

DI COATES

Representing Team GB at every Paralympic Games since 1984, Di has collected five Paralympic medals (including three gold) in a variety of shooting disciplines.

JAMIE BURDEKIN

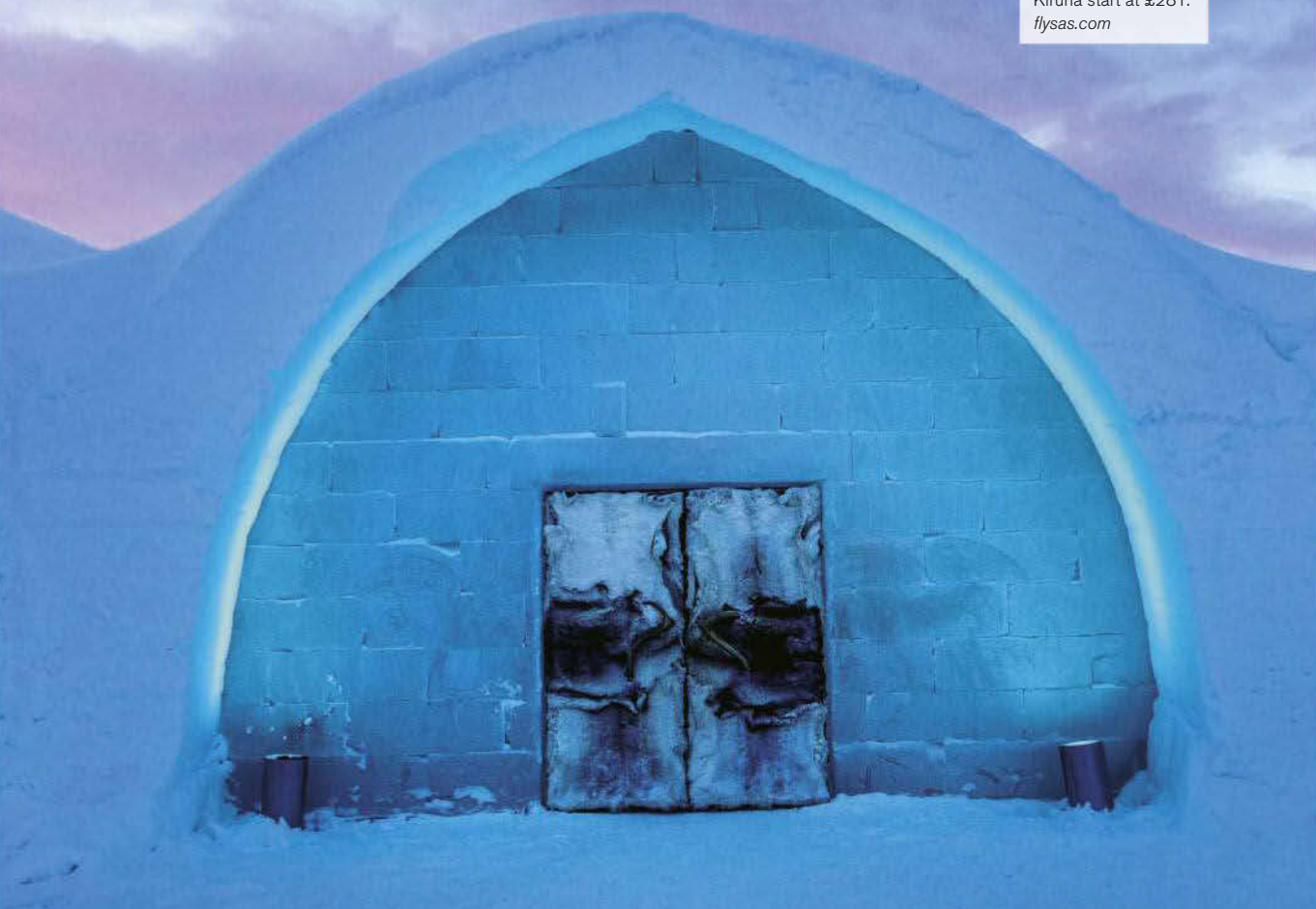
Paralysed following a car crash, tennis player Jamie has been part of the Great Britain wheelchair tennis team at two Paralympics, bagging a bronze medal in 2008.

MARK FOSBROOK

After representing GB in volleyball and wheelchair rugby, Mark made his debut for GB wheelchair basketball at the 2014 World Championships in South Korea.

Head into the wild in Lapland

After a sunshine-free holiday? Sweden's Jukkasjärvi might just be the action-packed adventure you're searching for



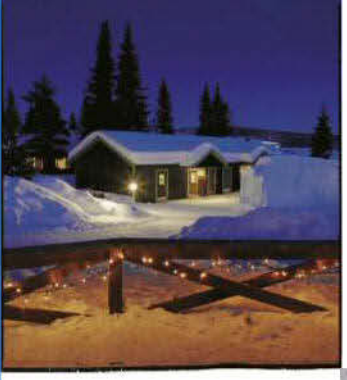
Getting there

01 Discover The World offers three-night packages from £988 per person, including flights. *discover-the-world.co.uk/icehotel*

02 Return flights from Manchester to Kiruna start at £281. *flysas.com*

Sleep on thin ice

Icehotel's igloo accommodation, from £140 per night, is handcrafted each winter from ice sourced fresh from the nearby Torne river. Local artists have carved mind-blowingly complex suites inside, each one unique. Scared you'll shiver? There's no need to worry. Though it's -5°C inside, you'll be given a mammoth sleeping bag tested to -25°C. Toasty. *icehotel.com*



Bomb around on snowmobiles

The zippiest way to get around Lapland is by ski-doo. Reaching speeds of up to 60mph, these machines are a white-knuckle adrenaline rush. PS: It hurts when you fall off, even at 3mph.





Meet (and eat) Dasher, Donner and Blitzen

Along with a church, one restaurant and a Co-op, the tiny village of Jukkasjärvi is also home to the Sámi Siida Camp. Here you'll find information and exhibitions about the culture and history of the local people, plus at least 10 grazing reindeer, all waiting for you to feed them from the palm of your hand. Just don't let on that you ate their (beefy, delicious) pal Rudolph in a stew last night.



Take a dog taxi

Given there are more huskies in Swedish Lapland than people, it figures that a few end up applying for jobs. With options to mush your own eight-strong team of hounds or kick back in the sledge, being pulled by husky is the gentleman's way to travel in Jukkasjärvi.

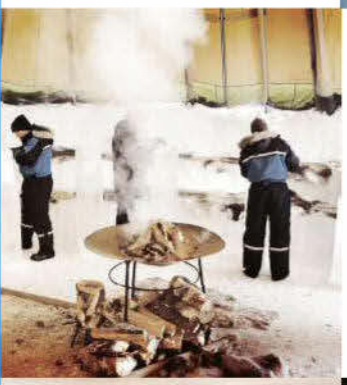






Sip cocktails from an icy tumbler

After riding around all day, why not 'chill out' (sorry) in the iconic Icebar? Just like the hotel, it's formed every year exclusively from blocks of pure ice (everything from the bar, tables and chairs right through to the glasses you sip from is made of the cold stuff). It's the perfect spot to treat your other half to a chilled glass of champagne while you sip on a pint of Kallholmen, the country's finest local lager.

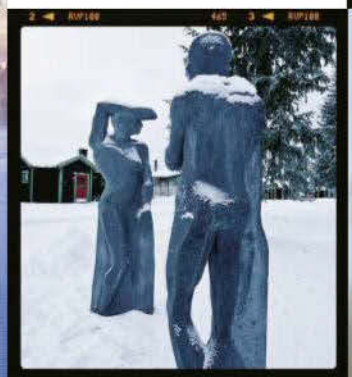


Sculpt your own igloo

There's something quite primal about attacking a big hunk of ice with a chisel, and since you're basically holidaying in a giant snow globe, you should be suitably inspired to create your own masterpiece. But please, no snow penises. No one's impressed.











WORDS AND PHOTOGRAPHY: SAM ROWE

Time for the gym

Need help getting fit? We put tech's newest trend through its paces



If your watch can't measure your heart rate, monitor your sleep and tell you what to have for tea, we don't want to know. To right these wrongs, FHM*'s sweaty, wheezing Upgrade editor Tom jumped on to the $1.3 billion fitness bandwagon in search of the ultimate smartwatch*

Pebble Time Steel
£230, pebble.com

Looks: Like an Apple Watch bought down your local market.

Functions: Focuses on easy-to-read notifications and music playback rather than fitness – great for blasting out Bieber's latest banger.

Overall: 2/5

Garmin Vivoactive
£199.99, garmin.com

Looks: Like something James Bond would pack in the '70s.

Functions: There's a lot going on here, with an 'inactivity bar' to encourage you to get off your flippin' behind. With a few more features, it'd be all powerful.

Overall: 4/5

Microsoft Band 2
£199, microsoft store.com

Looks: Like RoboCop's cock ring, ie bloody *great*

Functions: This is almost *too* clever for us, measuring everything from heart rate and calories burned to 'galvanic skin response', whatever that is.

Overall: 5/5

Winner!



Fit 'n' chips

Adidas MiCoach Fit Smart
£110,
adidas.co.uk

Looks:
Like the plastic wristbands gigs hand out when you go for a smoke.

Functions:
Vibrates every time you tick off a mile, but no built-in GPS means distance-tracking isn't the most accurate – great if you're a fitness fibber.

Overall: 3/5

Misfit Shine 2
£79.99,
misfit.com

Looks:
Like a court-ordered electronic tag/ miniature UFO.

Functions:
Lacks a heart-rate monitor, but if you can get the detachable screen to stay in the strap, it gets the job done.

Overall: 3/5

TomTom Spark
£246,
tomtom.com

Looks:
Reassuringly big, like a Peanut Butter KitKat Chunky.

Functions:
A first from TomTom, this features GPS, a heart-rate monitor and music playback, meaning you can *finally* leave your MiniDisc player at home.

Overall: 4/5

Minimalistic mile monitor

PHOTOGRAPHY: GIANANDREA TRAINA, MARCO VITTUR

Make millions playing poker

Tell your Royal Flush from your 2-7 and gamble like a Vegas champion



Daniel Negreanu is a Team PokerStars pro and twice World Poker Tour Championship winner who's made over $30,000,000 by convincing people his cards are better than theirs. Here's how you can do the same

01

WIN THE CHIPS

"Texas hold 'em is the most common form of poker. The aim is to win your opponents' chips by playing a better hand of cards than them. High number pairs and aces are ideal. The best position is sitting at the end of the table – as the last man you can get away with weaker hands."

02

TALK TO YOUR FRIENDS

"I learned poker by playing with friends. Afterwards, you can discuss the game and your mistakes. This opens your mind to different possibilities and rhythms you might not have come up with on your own."

03

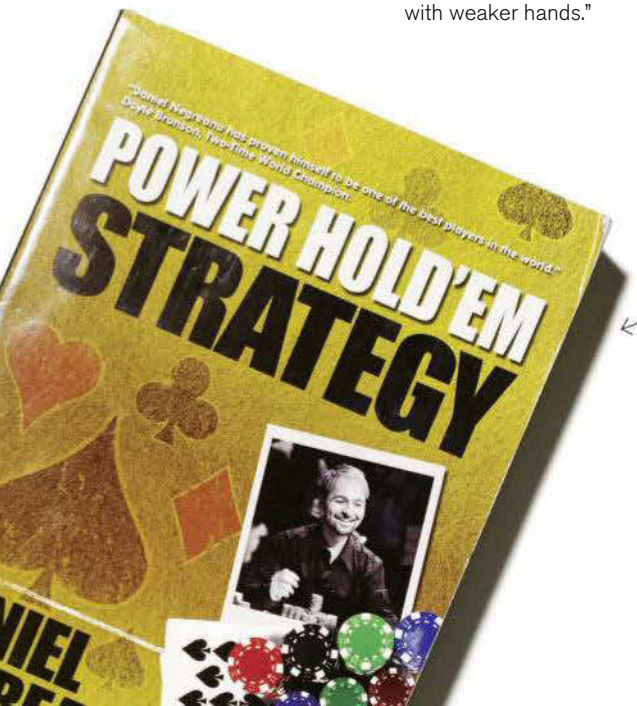
FORGET ABOUT THE MONEY

"The ultimate goal is to play the game without thinking about the prize money. It shouldn't matter if you're playing for a million or no money at all. If you start thinking about what you could win, you're dead in the water. Focus on the correct play, whatever the financial outcome."

04

GET YOUR HEAD IN THE GAME

"Once you've learnt the fundamentals, it's all about psychology. You have to profile your opponents: are they a habitual liar, or someone who's actually going to have the goods? This is the fun part."



Power Hold'em Strategy
by Daniel Negreanu, £22.95, amazon.co.uk

Naked Grouse Scotch Whisky, £26.95, 31dover.com



05

TREAT IT LIKE A FULL-TIME JOB

"There are no short cuts. If you want to make big money, you have to play six to eight hours a day and study for another two, five days a week. Lots of tournaments are on Sundays so you can play for 10 hours at the weekend too."

06

GET A HEAD FOR FIGURES

"The most important thing about playing for a living is looking at yourself like a business. Keep tallies of your budget and track your hourly rate. If you ever decide to go pro, you need to know how much you make an hour."

07

THINK LIKE AN ATHLETE

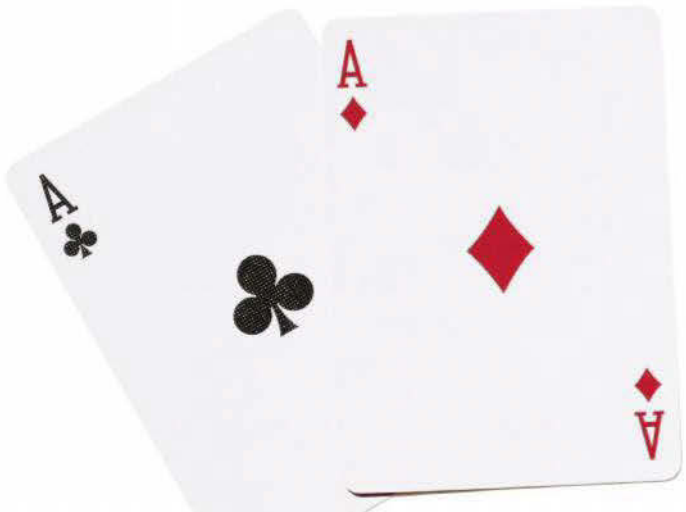
"Poker tournaments can be 14 hours a day. The World Series of Poker is six weeks long, so it's important to bring your A-game. I go to the gym, plan my meals in advance and get eight hours' sleep a night. Poker players aren't real athletes but you do have to be mentally and physically prepared."

08

BE A TIGER

"To really succeed, you have to be a tiger and devote your whole life to becoming a great player. Start by finding games with weak players, then you don't have to be good, just better than them. Try to find some happiness outside of poker, too. If you're content in your regular life, that'll translate to the poker table."





Poker set, £50, johnlewis.com

POKER HALL OF FAME

01
ARNOLD ROTHSTEIN
The New York gangster – famous for fixing the 1919 baseball World Series – was shot and killed while owing $320,000 following a three-day poker game.

02
WILD BILL HICKOK
An Old West gunslinger and gambler, Wild Bill was shot in the head by 'Crooked Nose' Jack McCall while playing a game of poker in the town of Deadwood.

03
THE MARX BROTHERS
Four out of the five Marx Brothers – Harpo, Groucho, Chico and Gummo – were given their nicknames during a poker match in 1915.

04
RICHARD NIXON
The former US president financed his first political campaign with money earned playing poker in the navy during WWII.

05
CHRIS MONEYMAKER
Moneymaker had never previously played in a live poker tournament when he won the 2003 World Series, bagging $2.5 million from an initial investment of just $39. And yes, that is his real name.

WORDS: SAMANTHA REA. PHOTOGRAPHY: GIANANDREA TRAINA, REX FEATURES

Seventh heaven

The new BMW 7 Series is a tech lover's paradise on wheels



01 Engines range from sensible diesels to twin-turbocharged V8s

02 A gesture-controlled infotainment system means you don't have to touch a single dial

03 The upscale interior boasts business class features like on-board WiFi

04 Remote control parking = no more supermarket prangs

If you're in the market for a luxurious super-saloon, there's some pretty lovely stuff on offer right now. Mercedes-Benz has the all-conquering S-Class, Audi's A8 is a hit with the red-carpet set and Jaguar's XJ is stylish enough to host the Royal family.

But, let's not forget BMW, whose 7 Series has long been the most luxurious ride in the line-up. If you like your motors pricey, packed with gadgets and swankier than Bond in black tie, this could be the car for you.

THE BIG QUESTIONS

Gadgets, you say. What can I expect?

The BMW 7 Series boasts a couple of world-firsts in the tech department, including a new infotainment system controlled by dials, a touch-screen and conversational voice commands and gestures. So now, when you want to reject an incoming call, you simply swipe the air. Or, if you want to pump up the latest Taylor Swift hit, you casually rotate your finger. Pretty rad.

What's the second world-first all about, then?

It can park itself. But before you say, "Yeah, right," let us reassure you that this thing really *can* park itself, as in without anyone sat behind the wheel. The car features a number of stereoscopic cameras and sensors that allow the owner to reverse the car into or out of a tight space exactly like that scene in *Tomorrow Never Dies*. Simply hop out of the car, press a button on the touchscreen smart key and hey presto.

Woah. Isn't that a bit freaky?

It's the future of automobiles. In fact, the same advanced sensors and cameras can be used as the next generation of cruise control. Simply set a speed and the vehicle will stay in lane and travel round bends with little or no input from the driver. This

WORDS: LEON POULTNEY



BMW 7 SERIES
MODEL: BMW 730d
PRICE: From £64, 530
ENGINE: 3.0-litre twin-turbo diesel
POWER: 261bhp

thing knows when it's too close to the car ahead and will even keep up with stop/start traffic so you don't have to fight off cramp from balancing your foot on the accelerator.

What's the interior like?

A palace. Think wood, leather, ambient lighting and a neat 'light carpet' that's projected on to the ground at night. The front passenger seat also folds forward so occupants can enjoy a business-class snooze in the back. And there's a removable Android tablet in the rear that controls everything from climate to media selection, while on-board Wi-Fi means you can catch up with *Game Of Thrones* on the move.

So what are the options?

Sensible customers will likely plump for the 3.0-litre, twin-turbo diesel 730d model, but the hot 750i model – coming to the UK early next year – packs an impressive twin-turbo V8 petrol engine that offers nearly 450bhp and goes from 0-62mph in just 4.4 seconds. An optional Executive Drive Pro feature also reacts to your driving style, adjusting the suspension and damper settings accordingly.

Any downsides?

All of this tech doesn't come cheap. Expect to part with £75,000 for a model with all the bells and whistles. Then again, what else are you going to spend that kind of money on? FHM

A luxury limo for all budgets



01 Skoda Superb
The latest Superb is surprisingly, er, superb. It's massive, and it features loads of cool tech.



02 Mercedes-Benz S-Class
This beast features infotainment systems, massaging rear seats and an online concierge service.



03 Bentley Mulsanne Speed
It may be the fastest big Bentley money can buy, but the personal touches haven't been lost.



04 Rolls-Royce Phantom
From interior champagne fridges to bespoke gun cabinets, there's not much Rolls doesn't offer.

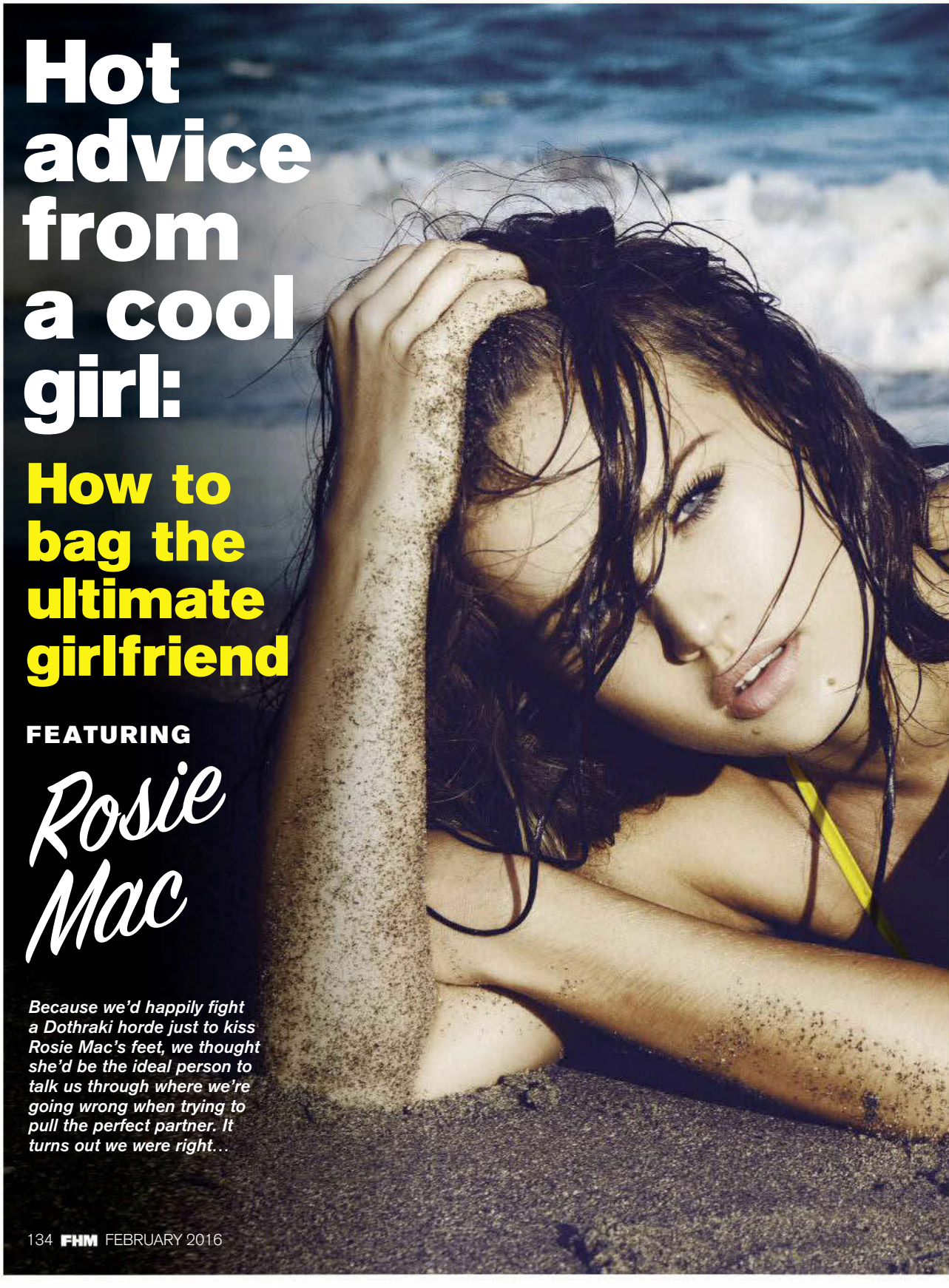
Hot advice from a cool girl:

How to bag the ultimate girlfriend

FEATURING

Rosie Mac

Because we'd happily fight a Dothraki horde just to kiss Rosie Mac's feet, we thought she'd be the ideal person to talk us through where we're going wrong when trying to pull the perfect partner. It turns out we were right…



PHOTOGRAPHY: FORMPHOTOS.CO.UK



01

Every time she speaks you shout, "Oh-my-God-that's-so-funny-I-love-you-will-you-go-out-with-me?"

Rosie says: If I liked him I'd probably say yes. I've said yes many a time on a first date.

Girl On The Net says: What if she's trying to tell you her gran just died? Better to just be yourself.

FHM says: Don't be yourself. No one likes you.

02

You propose as soon as you see her, withdrawing all the money from your account to buy a ring

Rosie says: I'd run away from you fairly quickly.

Girl On The Net says: All your money? Unless you want to hold your wedding at Wetherspoons, that isn't the best idea.

FHM says: Save time by holding the wedding there and then. Who says efficiency isn't sexy?

03

When you see her, you can only grunt before running off

Rosie says: I like shy guys. I'd run after him and make him comfortable.

Girl On The Net says: If you were sexy and shy, I'd be running after you with my pants down before you can say "thrill of the chase".

FHM says: Strong and silent FTW.


“I really like overly cringy romantic men”



04

You send a dozen red roses to her house every day for a year

Rosie says: I really like overly cringy romantic men. I'd love it.

Girl On The Net says: It sounds like the police might be round for a chat with you before long…

FHM says: Fresh flowers are expensive. Why not just plant a rose bush in the middle of her front yard while she's on holiday?

05

You surprise her mum in the supermarket then take her for tea and profess your love for her daughter

Rosie says: That's odd but cute. My mum's used to meeting strange guys.

Girl On The Net says: My mum says if you switch the tea for gin you can take your pick of her daughters.

FHM says: Why not ring your own mum, for once? She loves you, you know.

06

You ask her dad's permission to marry her after cornering him in the pub loos

Rosie says: My dad would think that's hilarious.

Girl On The Net says: Be sure to wash your hands before your shake to seal the deal.

FHM says: Really win him round by coughing up a quid for him to have a splash of Calvin Klein from the guy by the sinks.



"My mum's used to meeting strange guys"

07

You've painted a family portrait of you, her and your imagined future children, which you hang over her fireplace while she's asleep one night

Rosie says: It's weird but I'd love it. But, wait, how did he get the keys to my house? Oh Jesus, no. I'm freaked out now.

Girl On The Net says: With the one exception of Santa coming down the chimney, nothing should happen while she's asleep.

FHM says: Unless you're leaving the country for 10 years after a big bank job, less of the cloak and dagger, please.

08

You've posted Shakespearean love sonnets on every one of her Facebook profile pictures

Rosie says: I'd say thank you to each post.

Girl On The Net says: That's a bit creepy, but if you can make them all rhyme, go for it.

FHM says: Go straight to the source and rip off Bill Shakespeare directly – most people only know one or two of his sonnets anyway. Idiots.

Read more from Girl On The Net at girlonthenet.com and look out for her new book in March



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True story:

"I'd hear men's skulls cracking as they were smashed against walls"



SHAUN SAYS HE IS NOW A 'WISER, BETTER MAN'

In 1991, Shaun Attwood moved from Cheshire to Arizona where he founded a multimillion-dollar ecstasy trafficking organisation, selling pills directly to punters at massive raves out in the desert. Shaun's empire lasted until 2002, when he was sent to prison and forced to fight for survival alongside America's most dangerous gang, the Aryan Brotherhood

"I'D DREAMED OF MOVING TO THE STATES SINCE I WAS A CHILD. I mainly just wanted to be where I could make lots of money, and so, at the height of the first dot-com boom, I managed to wangle myself a job as a stockbroker in Arizona and left Widnes for the US southwest.

"Within 10 years, I was making millions of dollars trading technology shares. I soon realised I had to spend all the money on something, so I started investing in these huge desert raves.

"Around this time, the drug scene exploded in Phoenix. As you'd expect, there were huge amounts of illegal substances at these parties, and a lot of shady characters knocking about, too. Seeking a new thrill, and with my money and connections to hand, it wasn't long before I was involved at the top level, heading up an international multimillion-dollar ecstasy trafficking organisation.

"Of course, there was a dark side to the scene. Sammy 'The Bull' Gravano [a Mafia hitman] wanted in on the business. When I refused, he sent his son to kidnap me from a nightclub. They'd planned to torture me, and if the ransom wasn't paid, take me out to the desert. Luckily, the night they planned to snatch me I managed to escape without being any the wiser as to what they had planned for me.

"By this time, the lifestyle was beginning to catch up with me. The police had been building a case, and on 16 May 2002, a Swat team raided my apartment and took me into custody.

"They'd been tapping my phone and had 10 witness statements, all linking me to the distribution of drugs at the raves. In court, the prosecution made me out to be a cross between Don Corleone and a vampire.

"AFTER TWO YEARS IN THE MARICOPA COUNTY JAIL, I TOOK A PLEA DEAL. I accepted a nine-and-a-half year sentence – not bad considering I was originally looking at 200 years.

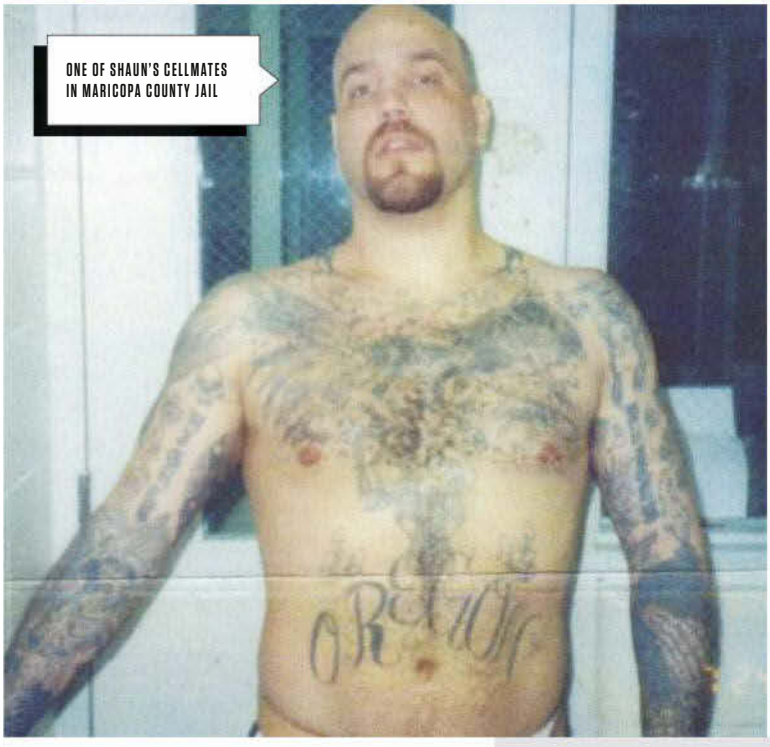
"Maricopa was a living hell. Men would get thrown off stairwells, teeth would be knocked out and noses broken. Sometimes I'd hear men's skulls cracking as they were smashed against walls or toilet seats.

"Gangs ruled the prison. There was the black Mau Mau gang, two separate Mexican mafia groups and the white supremacist









ONE OF SHAUN'S CELLMATES IN MARICOPA COUNTY JAIL

WORDS: ROB CROSSAN. PHOTOGRAPHY: MIKE POLOVAYUNP. *PARTY TIME* AND *HARD TIME* BY SHAUN ATTWOOD ARE OUT NOW (SHAUNATTWOOD.COM)

Aryan Brotherhood. Supposedly formed to protect white inmates when prisons were desegregated in 1964, the Brotherhood now contains an estimated 20,000 members across the country – most of them operating from behind bars.

"THE ARYAN BROTHERHOOD HAVE TWO APPROACHES TO FRESH MEAT. The first is KOS (Kill On Sight) and applies to paedophiles. The second is SOS (Smash On Sight) and applies to people behind drive-by shootings and similar crimes. The more people a member smashes, the more tattoos they get. To become a full member, you have to murder someone for them. When I arrived, I was forced to affiliate myself with the gang and given a set of rules to follow if I wanted to avoid a smashing: I had to fight anyone who challenged me on the spot, I couldn't sit with someone from a different race, I had to take regular showers and I couldn't make friends with the guards.

"In general, the gangs worked in relative harmony as this was the easiest way to facilitate the lucrative flow of drugs into the prison. Riots would mean lockdown and this meant business would suffer.

"But violence still occurred and I wasn't exempt – despite my links to the Brotherhood, I was badly beaten up by a Hells Angel. I had to fight back, but punching him was like hitting a bag of cement. Luckily, my injuries weren't life-threatening.

"The main threat inside was probably Maricopa County sheriff, Joe Arpaio, who calls himself 'America's toughest sheriff'. Maricopa County has the highest death rate of any jail in America and Arpaio has been investigated for all sorts of misdemeanours, from reinstituting chain gangs to ignoring claims of sexual abuse to a number of suspicious prisoner deaths. While at Maricopa I started the blog Jon's Jail Journal to bring attention to Arpaio's offences, including his insistence that all prisoners wear pink underwear. Sadly, he's still in office.

"Finally, after almost six years inside, I was released in 2007. By this point I was more than ready to leave my old lifestyle and everything that came with it behind. Greed had dragged me down but I came out a wiser, better man." **FHM**

What happened next?

01 Shaun gives talks and lectures about his experiences all over the world and is currently at work on his latest book about the war on drugs.

02 Despite being the subject of a number of investigations, Joe Arpaio still serves as sheriff of Maricopa County. More than 150 people have died in jail since his tenure began.

03 Shaun is barred from America for life.

THE FINAL COUNTDOWN

9 THINGS YOU NEVER REALLY GOT OVER THE END OF



09

Any cult box set

Did you have to take a few days' compassionate leave from work after *Breaking Bad* ended? Sounds like you need help. We prescribe a hearty dose of Netflix and a special dispensation from Dr Oetker.

08

Your first love

You've not even seen her since you were 14, but then... boom! There she is on LinkedIn's 'People you may know' – and you're endorsing her for skills such as 'having an adorable laugh' and 'smelling like a spring meadow'.

07

Your childhood dog

Mums: we know you mean well, but when you tag us in pictures of long-perished family pooches on Facebook, you might as well put shards of glass in our tea. That's how much pain you're causing.

06

Pubs being pubs

Isn't it nice that you can now enjoy your pint of Hector's Helmet without fear of being punched or getting instant cancer from secondhand smoke? But we do sometimes mourn the loss of the traditional disgusting British drinking dens, which now solely exist as material for things like *Britain's Angriest Twats* on Channel 5.

05

Pratting around at uni

University is the only time in life you can get away with being a tit without any real consequences. Relive those halcyon days by not doing any work, getting so drunk that you're sick in your sleeve, then enjoying copious risk-free sex with strangers you meet in kebab shops. Or, you could make a nice fish pie and catch up on *The Bridge*.

04

Completing any computer game

Ah, that was satisfying, wasn't it? Finishing a game gives you that nice warm shudder. But hang on, what's filling those cold winter nights now? What hell awaits you on Saturday afternoon? *Come Dine With Me* repeats? Washing all your towels? Good God, no. Get yourself on Amazon to fill that void right away, son.

03

Woolworths

Sure, it was just a shop, but no one's really cornered the confectionery market since the demise of the greatest pic 'n' mix emporium. Woolworths' departure left a big ol' gap in the nation's high streets – ironic given that their shops probably caused a fair few gaps in our teeth.

02

Your old band

All good things must come to an end. Just like when Lee left *Hollyoaks*, there were more than a few tears shed when your pop-punk group announced an indefinite hiatus on MySpace. Maybe it's time to get the old band back together for one last show?

01

Your favourite mag

OK, so we're not gone just yet, but we know we'll be leaving a gap in more than the middle shelf of WHSmith. We hope we've inspired and amused you over the years – so go forth, earn new things, tell daft stories and always remember: it's great to be a man...

WORDS: SIMON HUDSON. PHOTOGRAPHY: NETFLIX


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